

BOYS, READ THE RADIO ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER

No. 1330

NEW YORK, JULY 18, 1924

Pr

SECRET SERVICE.

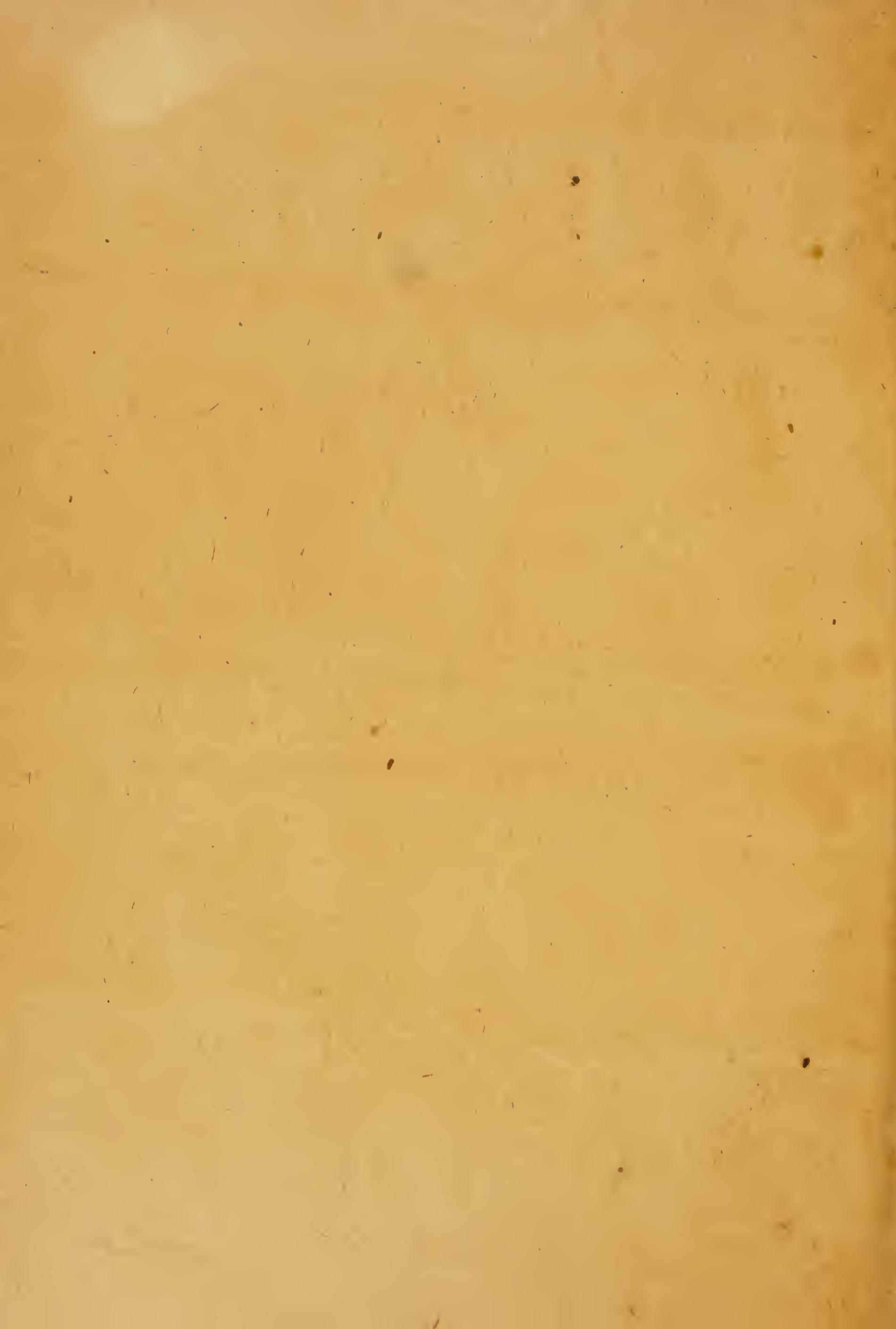
THE BRADYS IN A FOG.

AND OTHER STORIES

BY A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE.



Then a very singular thing happened. Suddenly a large section of the floor rose up beneath Old King Brady's feet. It sent the old detective tumbling backward, separating him from his prisoner, to whom he was handcuffed. Harry jumped to his aid.



Are You A Radio Fan?

Read Pages 24 and 25

SECRET SERVICE

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NEW YORK, JULY 18, 1924

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THE BRADYS IN A FOG

OR, TRACKING A GANG OF FORGERS

By A NEW YORK DETECTIVE

CHAPTER I.—The Dumb Boy's Warning.

Old King Brady and his partner, Alice Montgomery, came to Chicago from New York, while Young King Brady came up from New Orleans where he had been doing Secret Service work. And this call was also for Secret Service work. The Bradys got more or less of that, although not, properly speaking, Secret Service men, their contract with the U. S. Government requiring them to answer Secret Service calls at all times. Just what they had been summoned to Chicago for they did not know, which is often the way in these Secret Service matters.

"Instructions will be given you when you reach the Sherman House," was the way the written order received from Washington read.

Old King Brady and Alice reached the Sherman House at six p. m. on Wednesday night, and they hit it in a fog. They were standing up on Canal street at the head of the steps which lead up from the station, uncertain whether to walk as intended or to take a cab.

"Let us walk," said Alice. "There is something weird about this. I shall like to see how Chicagoans behave themselves in a fog."

Old King Brady readily assented, and they walked on. The old detective on this occasion was dressed in his usual quaint costume. We refer to the long blue coat with brass buttons, the old-fashioned stock and stand-up collar, and the big white hat with its exceedingly broad brim. We mention this in connection with what follows. Of course, this singularity of dress makes it exceedingly easy for anyone to recognize Old King Brady. That he was quickly recognized now was proved, for a dark, foreign-looking, ragged boy suddenly came out of the fog and stopped directly in front of him.

"Get out of the way, boy! What's the matter with you?" exclaimed the old detective tartly.

"Stop!" said Alice. "The boy is deaf and dumb. He is trying to speak to you, Mr. Brady."

Now, Alice Montgomery is an accomplished linguist, speaking many languages. She can also talk to deaf mutes. Such this boy evidently was. Alice answered his signs. He responded with a

few quick finger motions and vanished in the fog.

"Now what is that all about?" demanded Old King Brady.

"He asked if you were not Old King Brady?"

"Yes, yes, and then?"

"He said, 'Beware of the lot,' as near as I could make him out, but he moved his fingers so rapidly and it is so dark that I am not quite sure I have got it right."

"And then he took his heels. You were saying something to him and he darted away."

"I asked him what he meant."

They went to the Sherman House, where they had engaged room by telegraph. Billy Peters, the night clerk, who had just come on duty, handed the old detective several letters. One was from the Secret Service Bureau at Washington. Three bore the local postmark. Old King Brady opened these letters when they got to their rooms. At seven o'clock Young King Brady arrived as we have said.

"We will go to supper now," said Old King Brady after a few words on general matters had been exchanged.

"But what are we here for?" asked Harry.

"I will explain at the table," said Old King Brady.

His explanation was made by reading the letters. The Secret Service letter came first, and it ran as follows:

"At the request of Senator Story, of Illinois, we have assigned you to this case."

"It is a matter of forgery."

"You are, upon arriving in Chicago, to report to the National Agricultural Machinery Co."

"Trusting that you will handle this case with your usual efficiency, we are, et cetera, et cetera."

"About as blind as usual," remarked Harry. "Who is the forger, and what has been forged, I wonder?"

"That remains to be seen," replied Old King Brady, "but the matter must be of some moment. Instead of waiting for us to report to them, the officers of this concern have reported to us. Here are three letters which I will read in turn."

THE BRADYS IN A FOG

The first letter read thus:

"Mr. Brady:

"Dear Sir—I understand that through my friend, Senator Story, you have been assigned by the U. S. Secret Service Bureau to certain detective work in connection with our company.

"It is essential that I should have a few words in private with you before you take this matter up. Kindly do me the favor to come aboard my yacht, the Maybell, this evening if you arrive in time. I shall have my man waiting with a small boat at the old club-house pier, foot of 3—th Street, to take you off from 7 p. m. to 11.

"If you are not there by the last named-hour, he will assume that you are not coming.

"Oblige me in this if it is a possible thing.

"Very truly yours,

Rufus Howe,
"President."

"Singular request," observed Harry.

"Just wait till you hear the other letters," replied Old King Brady. "Here is the next:

"My Dear Mr. Brady—I am told that you and your partners are to take up our case.

"It is very desirable that I should have a few words in private with you before you begin work. If you can call at my house this evening any time up to midnight you will find me ready to receive you.

"Yours sincerely,

Peter Parker,
"Secretary."

"My address is No. — Ashland Avenue."

"Same writing?" asked Harry.

"No; quite different," replied the old detective. "Now for the last:

"Dear Sir—It is essential that I should see you this evening. If you expect to take hold of the case for the National Agricultural Machinery Co. with any hope of success, you will do well to accede to this request. My address in No. — Michigan Avenue. I shall be at your service up to ten o'clock. If you do not come, expect to see me at your hotel, Sherman House. I understand—early to-morrow a. m. I strongly advise you to hold no communication with any one until you have conferred with me.

"Respectfully yours,

A. A. Zeltner,
Treasurer."

"Let me see those letters," said Harry, and he carefully compared the handwriting, for all three were pen written.

"Each one suspects the other," Harry remarked.

"Evidently," replied the old detective. "Clear case."

"Which one shall you take up with? Perhaps you mean to try to see more than one?"

"I have been thinking it over, Harry, and I have concluded that the proper person for us to report to is the president."

"Well, I suppose you are right; but I am not stuck on going out on the lake in a fog. I must confess."

"Well we will go down there to this old club-house and judge then whether we care to go

any further or not. I am willing to talk with the president of this company in advance of the others, but I don't know that I care to talk to junior officers."

"I think you are quite right," replied Young King Brady, and the conversation drifted to other lines.

Neither Alice nor the old detective mentioned the incident of the deaf mute. Indeed, neither of them thought anything about it, for odd happenings are always coming to these busy detectives. The letters had all been written on the official paper of the company, and each was endorsed in one of the regulation envelopes. If the matter had not been Secret Service business Old King Brady would certainly have turned back. The fog was lifting. Indeed, by the time the Bradys reached the old clubhouse, which was a small frame pavilion, deserted and in bad repair, it had practically disappeared. Out of the lake they could see a small yacht riding at anchor. A large rowboat lay alongside the pier in which was a man wearing a yachting uniform.

"There's the outfit. Are you going to risk it, governor?" Harry asked.

"Oh, I think so," replied the old detective.

They went down on the pier and spoke to the man, who was respectful. He said that Mr. Howe was on board the Maybell and was expecting them. The Bradys went aboard the boat then and were pulled out to the yacht. Just as they came up alongside, the fog rolled in again. All in a moment it grew thicker than ever. Fortunately they were close upon the Maybell when this happened, and the man had no difficulty in making fast. A rough looking fellow, also in yachting uniform, looked over the side.

"Come right aboard, gentlemen," he said, "Mr. Howe is waiting for you."

"We want to see Mr. Howe first," replied Old King Brady.

"He is in the cabin."

"Call him then. Tell him I must speak with him before I come aboard."

The man vanished in the fog, which was so thick now that they could scarcely see each other's faces. Several minutes elapsed and then a deep voice spoke out of the fog:

"I am Mr. Howe. How do you do, Mr. Brady?"

It was quite impossible to see the speaker distinctly.

"You wished to have a conference with us?" said Old King Brady.

"Yes; you got my letter, I presume?"

"I did."

"Well, come right aboard, gentlemen. The lady with you it Miss Montgomery, I presume."

"Yes. I wished to make sure that you were really here."

"Exactly. Best to be on the safe side."

It seemed all right, and the Bradys and Alice went aboard. As they were coming up Mr. Howe lighted a lantern. The man seemed to be about fifty years of age.

"Come right down into the cabin," he said. "I am sorry to have to put you to all this trouble, but it seemed necessary."

He led the way to a well furnished cabin of no great size, placed chairs, and seated himself at the head of a table.

"Now to have a little conference about this

case," he said. "I wanted to make sure that there were no spies around while we talked, but after I wrote that letter, which was early this morning, rather a singular thing occurred."

"What was it?" demanded the old detective.

"Why, my sailing master and the two men I employed on this yacht suddenly deserted me. I was notified by telephone that they had quit. I had to hustle around and get the two men you saw. I haven't got a sailing master yet."

"Then these men are strangers to you, Mr. Howe?" the old detective asked.

"Yes."

"Better make sure then that they are not the spies you feared."

"I'll do it," replied Mr. Howe, and taking up his lantern, he went on deck.

"Look here, Mr. Brady," said Alice suddenly, "do you know I think I have made a big blunder."

"You, my dear—what can you mean?" inquired the old detective.

"About that deaf and dumb boy."

"Ha! Well! What about that?"

"You must know that under the present system of teaching deaf mutes they don't go to the trouble of spelling out words with their fingers, but just talk phonetically, so to speak."

"Yes, yes. Well?"

"I thought that the signs that boy made for the last word was l—o—t, but now it has just occurred to me that it might have been y—o—t, meaning yacht."

"Then according to that theory, what he said was: 'Beware of the yacht?'"

"Yes."

Old King Brady looked troubled.

"Why don't that man come back?" he exclaimed.

"He is coming now, I think," said Harry, for footsteps were heard on the cabin stairs.

CHAPTER II.—Trouble in the Fog.

We may as well say right here that the man the Bradys met on the Maybell really was Mr. Rufus Howe, president of the National Agricultural Machinery Co. He entered the cabin looking very much disturbed.

"Why, we seem to have been deserted, Mr. Brady!" he exclaimed. "Both those men have vanished, and what is more, they have made off with my boat."

"What were their names?"

"The one who brought you out was Jack Flynn, so he said. He hired the other man. I didn't ask his name."

"May I ask you where you got this Jack Flynn?"

"There is a saloon near the landing by the old clubhouse where yacht hands hang out. I happen to know the keeper of the place, and have hired men of him before. I called him up on the telephone. He sent Flynn to me."

Old King looked grave.

"My dear sir," he said, "it seems to me that you have been taking big chances."

"I see it now, but my mind had been greatly disturbed. Here we are stuck aboard the yacht and the infernal fog thicker than ever. Can it be part of some plot against me?"

"Indeed it looks very much like it. But now listen. We are all in the same boat in more senses than one. We can't be too particular how we act. Let me tell you something which happened to us this evening before we received your letter."

And Old King proceeded to tell the story of the deaf mute's warning.

"Well, well!" cried Mr. Howe. "You will think it is even more singular when I tell you that our treasurer, Mr. Zeltner, is a deaf mute."

"Is it possible? How does it happen that you selected such a person for treasurer?"

"Why, you see we are a combination of three factories—a sort of mild trust. Zeltner came to us with one of the concerns we took over. His father is a rich retired brewer, who own a large block of our stock."

"Harry, you better stand guard on deck while Mr. Howe, Alice and I have our conference."

"I agree with you," replied Harry, and left the cabin.

"Now then, Mr. Howe, we certainly can talk matters over without fear of being spied upon. Suppose you begin?"

"It is not that I have the slightest clew to give you that I wanted to have this interview," commenced the president, "but because the matter lies between three of us—Peter Parker, our secretary; A. A. Zeltner, our treasurer, and myself. Forged notes to fifty odd thousand dollars purporting to have been signed by all three of us have been sold upon the Chicago market, one, the first due, for \$5,000, was paid by the bank. As soon as we became aware of this we all three repudiated our signatures. The remaining notes promptly came to light. We want to know who forged them, and that at once. The signatures, I may add, are simply perfect. I could swear that I signed the notes as far as resemblance to my signature goes. Moreover, the notes are upon our company firms, which bear a private mark known only to the three of us. Altogether, the forgery is a most clever piece of work. We three alone have access to these blanks. The matter is most mysterious. Either Parker or Zeltner is surely guilty, for I know I didn't forge the notes. That is all I have to say."

"Are their signatures equally perfect?" asked Old King Brady.

"They are."

"And both are rather peculiar signatures—Zeltner's especially so."

"You speak as if you had seen them, Mr. Brady."

"And so I have seen both of them."

"How can that be unless they have corresponded with you?"

"They have both corresponded with me."

"About the case?"

"Yes."

Mr. Howe looked puzzled.

"I suppose each says he is innocent and lays it to me," he remarked.

"No, not that," replied Old King Brady. "Here are the letters. You can see for yourself."

"Mr. Howe glanced over the letters and smiled grimly.

"We are each suspecting the other it would appear," he remarked.

"It looks that way."

"And we all wanted first crack at Old King Brady."

"Evidently it is so."

"May I ask you why you chose the president?"

"Because he was the president."

"A good reason."

"I thought so. But let me ask if you have any other reason for suspecting either Parker or Zeltner than the ones you have named?"

"No other."

"You are familiar with the private lives of both?"

"Reasonably so. I know nothing against either one of them."

"Is either Parker or Zeltner noted for being handy with the pen?"

"Not at all. Parker is an elderly man and writes a cramped hand. Zeltner writes in German fashion, as you see. How in the world either one of them could imitate my signature, which is the most peculiar of the bunch, I fail to understand."

"You feel certain that Parker and Zeltner wrote those letters?"

"I should say yes, unhesitatingly, if it wasn't for this forgery. As it is, how can I tell?"

"And now for a few business details. Has any attempt been made to trace back this forged paper to its source?"

"Yes. The bank put their detectives right to work on that end of the case. In each instance the notes passed through several hands. That they started from the Gotham Bank of New York is certain."

"Ha! That bank went to pieces about six weeks ago. The president cut his throat and is dead, the cashier has vanished, everything was cleaned out. The bank was in the hands of a gang of swindlers."

"The case seems to be without a clue," said Old King Brady, "unless that it is we have unearthed one to-night."

"You refer to the dumb boy's warning?"

"I do. It is a significant fact that your Mr. Zeltner should be deaf and dumb in the light of that warning."

"Well, so it is."

"Is Mrs. Zeltner also a deaf mute?"

"She is."

"And the children?"

"Are all right."

"Well, I don't see that we can get any further to-night. The next thing is to get out of this fix of ours. But here comes Harry. Perhaps he has something to report."

Young King Brady entered then.

"We are certainly drifting," he exclaimed, "and there is worse than that to be faced."

"Ha!" cried the old detective. "What's the matter?"

"This yacht has been scuttled. She is slowly filling. I have just discovered it."

"This is a dastardly plot?" cried Mr. Howe.

A careful examination of everything was now made, and it was found that the Maybell was not only drifting, for the anchor chain had been cut, but she was slowly sinking. Worse still, the pump had been broken and put out of business.

CHAPTER III.—The Singular Doings of the Dummy.

An hour passed since Harry's uncomfortable discovery. Things had gone from bad to worse. It seemed as if every precaution had been taken to make the work of the plotters effective. All tools had vanished. So had all life preserves.

"Help! Help! Help! We are sinking!" roared Harry for perhaps the fiftieth time making a megaphone of his hands. And that was the time they got an answer, though not in words. Suddenly something bumped hard against the Maybell. Alice was the first to catch sight of a rowboat, for the fog was still very thick. In it sat a dark-skinned, ragged boy.

"Why, it's the dummy!" she exclaimed.

It was, indeed, so. Yet here he was, and he pointed to the boat and then to himself, as much as to say he had come to row them ashore. It was no time to argue over the situation. All hands got into the boat as quickly as possible, and time it was, too, for the water was almost on a level with the deck. That the Maybell sank soon after is certain. At all events she was never seen or heard of again. But whence came the boy?

"How could he find his way in the fog?"

Of course, Young King Brady, who as well as Alice is an expert at deaf and dumb talk, started right in to question the boy. But here he fell down. The boy would not respond. At last the Bradys began to hear certain sounds which made them feel that they were nearing the shore. In the distance they caught the rumble of a train on Chicago's elevated railroad.

"It is almost over. We are certainly coming to the shore," Old King Brady remarked.

He had scarcely spoken when the boy shipped his oars. If he saw anything to tell him where he was, then it was more than the Bradys could do. For an instant he shut both eyes, and anyone would have supposed he was listening. Then all at once he stood up in the boat, reached out and caught Old King Brady's hand, which he raised to his lips and kissed.

"Gratitude!" remarked Mr. Howe.

Even as he spoke the boy dropped the hand and sprang overboard, vanishing in the fog, although they could hear him doing the overhand stroke a moment later.

"Singular enough," said Old King Brady. "I suppose that is the last we shall see of him. Harry, take the oars and pull straight ahead." Harry now pulled along the pier looking for a good place to land. They presently came upon a standing ladder, which filled the bill, and all climbed upon the pier, never doubting that all they had to do was to walk ashore. Harry, making the boat fast, was the last to come up.

"Here's a house of some sort right ahead of us," replied Old King Brady.

"Sure enough!" echoed Mr. Howe, as a long, low pavilion loomed up ahead.

"I remember no such building," said Old King Brady. "It seems to be new and only partially finished."

"Why, it is the Paradise Island Hotel!" exclaimed Mr. Howe. "that's what it is. I believe I am one of the owners of this outfit—one of the victims, I should say."

"Then we are not ashore yet by any means," said Alice. "Wouldn't it be just as well to keep an eye on that boat?"

"Decidedly," replied Old King Brady. "But why did that boy land us here instead of taking us ashore? I am all in a fog in more senses than one. Harry, look to the boat. Where is the boy?"

"Gone already," said Alice.

"We may as well follow him," observed Mr. Howe. "I have seen all I want to see of Paradise Island. I am out \$5,000 already on this institution."

They retraced their steps to meet Harry returning.

"Well, we are up against it now!" he exclaimed.

"Ha! Boat gone!" cried Old King Brady.

"Even so."

"There seems to be nothing for it but to make ourselves comfortable here till daylight," said Old King Brady, "so let us go inside. I don't imagine there is any chance of making a fire, is there, Mr. Howe?"

"I think so," replied the president. "The big chimney is finished and there is an open fireplace in the lobby or office. I shall take a fiendish delight in tearing away some of the unfinished woodwork and burning it up."

They went to the office and found things as stated. Evidently the big fancy open fireplace had been used before. A rude bench stood before it, there were ashes on the hearth, and quite a pile of wood had been collected. Harry went to work and soon had a fire blazing. Alice and Mr. Howe made themselves comfortable on the bench. Old King Brady found a lantern which he lighted and began prowling about the unfinished building. Harry joined him in this after the fire was built, but they soon returned.

"Have you discovered anything?" inquired Mr. Howe.

"Nothing," replied Old King Brady. "The singular doings of that dummy perplex me. I must confess I don't understand his motive in saving our lives from the sinking yacht only to land us here."

A queer, whining sound suddenly made itself heard. As it appeared to come from behind them, all turned in that direction, which brought them facing a door leading into the long dining-room of the pavilion, but there was nothing to be seen.

"Must be some dog here," said Harry.

"It may be so," replied Mr. Howe, "but all the same it is a fact that the noise you just heard is astonishingly like that made by Zeltner when he wants to attract a person's attention."

"We will investigate," said Old King Brady, picking up the lantern and rising.

"Heavens! There's Zeltner now!" exclaimed Mr. Howe.

Sure enough, a tall man had suddenly appeared in the dining-room doorway and the sound was repeated. Old King Brady took a step forward. As he did so the man suddenly fell back as though pulled by a powerful hand, and a wild, animal-like cry of fear rang out.

"Look out, governor!" cried Harry, for the old detective continued to advance. And the warning was needed, for at the same instant two shots were fired in quick succession. The first flew

close to the old detective's head; the second pierced the broad brim of his hat.

CHAPTER IV.—Still in the Fog.

Old King Brady is bold even to recklessness at times. This was one of the times. He dashed through the door, piercing into the darkness. Harry backed him up. Alice, more timid, called to them to return, in which Mr. Howe seconded her. But it all went for nothing. The cries were not repeated, nor were the shots. The dining-room appeared to be deserted. The detectives made as thorough a search as it was possible to do in the fog, both inside the building and out on the pier, but could not discover a trace of anyone. When it was all over the party reassembled in the office, and Harry replenishing the fire, they sat down on the bench to talk over the situation.

"You are positive that your identification was correct, Mr. Howe?" demanded the old detective. "It was surely Zeltner whom we saw?"

"There isn't the least doubt about it," replied the president. "I am utterly at a loss to understand it, too, but it only confirms me in my original suspicion that Zeltner is the guilty party."

At daybreak the fog cleared away. But concerning the singular happenings of the night, the Bradys found themselves as much in a fog as ever. They now made a brief examination of the promises by daylight, and while they found nothing to shed any light on the mystery, they soon ran up against another small sized mystery, for when they went to the edge of the pier there was the boat used by the dummy to rescue them tied to the lowest round of the standing ladder just as they had left it. At all events here it was now and as may well be imagined they lost no time in pulling to the nearest point on the shore. This proved to be a place where an old man rented boats. Old King Brady questioned him closely. The boatman, however, denied all knowledge of the dummy, and declared that he had never seen that particular boat before.

"Hold it till you hear from us," said Old King Brady. "If anybody but the dumb boy comes after it, try your best to find out who he is," and he slipped the old fellow a five to secure his interest in the matter. It was now only a little after five o'clock.

"I suppose you are intending to go directly home, Mr. Howe," said the old detective.

"I am at your service, Mr. Brady," was the prompt reply. "Anything to help the case along."

"Come to breakfast at the Sherman House if you will. If Zeltner calls I want you to be on hand. Now let us go."

They reached the hotel without adventure. By half-past seven they gathered in Old King Brady's room.

"If the man comes you will remain in the next room until we call you," said the old detective. "Harry will do the talking. Miss Montgomery will stay with you and interpret. The man is surely stone deaf?"

"Absolutely."

They waited, and a little after eight Mr. Zelt-

ner's card came up. Mr. Howe and Alice got into the other room. Mr. Zeltner followed his card. He was a very substantial looking gentleman, and as far as the Bradys could tell, he looked to be the man they had seen on Paradise Island the night before. He exhibited the usual stiffness of a deaf mute. Bowing the Old King Brady, and ignoring Harry, he produced a set of tablets and wrote:

"Did you receive my letter?"

Old King Brady nodded.

Then he wrote:

"You did not call on me last night?"

Old King Brady reached for the tablets and wrote:

"My partner will talk to you with his fingers."

Zeltner then went on to tell about the case. His explanation was the precise counterpart of that given by Mr. Howe.

"Wait," said Harry, "till I explain these details to Mr. Brady."

"He has told the same story Howe told," he said aloud.

"In all particulars?"

"In every particular. Do you think he is really a dummy?"

"I do. What do you think?"

"I am sure of it. If he asks me if we have seen Howe or Parker, what shall I say?"

"Say no; you simply have to."

And this question was put the moment the conversation was resumed.

"What are you going to do first?" was then asked.

"I don't know. We shall call at the office this morning. Our first move cannot be determined until we have talked with Mr. Howe and Mr. Parker."

"You will learn nothing from either of them."

"Still they must be seen. Have you anything to suggest?"

"That's all. I am going now."

And he went. Mr. Howe came out of the other room in a very disturbed frame of mind. He began by abusing Zeltner, and Old King Brady let him talk. There was plenty of talk and but little said. The president stated that it was sure that he had been going to New York, but that he went on private business which concerned no one but himself.

"All very well, but when three partners are under suspicion there can be no private business between them," Old King Brady thought.

As for the president's Board of Trade losses, he admitted them; said they had been "rather heavy;" that the market "went against him," and so on. He did not state the amount nor enlarge on the matter. After a few minutes, finding that Old King Brady was not disposed to question him, he cooled down and wound up by saying:

"Go for that rascal, gentlemen. Trap him and your reward will be liberal. Is there anything further I can do or say?"

"Nothing," replied Old King Brady quietly.

He had put no question to Mr. Howe; simply listened to what he had to say. But just as the president was leaving he asked:

"By the way, Mr. Howe, you are positive that man is A. A. Zeltner?"

"Why do you ask such a question? How could

I possibly make the mistake of recognizing some one else as Zeltner?"

"I merely asked. You are positive?"

"I am positive."

The detective now sat down for a talk.

"What made you ask him that question, governor?" inquired Harry, first thing.

"Because if that man is A. A. Zeltner then the man we saw last night was not," came the prompt reply.

"Why do say that so positively? I had a pretty good view of the man last night. The resemblance was very strong."

"Very."

"And yet you doubt?"

"The man we saw last night had iron gray hair like this man, but it was longer, much longer, and very much mussed up."

"Perhaps he has had it cut since."

"Wait. I threw the light directly in his face, and I observed a peculiar scar at the extreme top of his forehead. It was not very large, but it was round and perhaps the size of a dime. It looked to me as if a piece of bone had been removed long ago. I should say that the man when he had his hair combed properly had been in the habit of wearing it sleeked down over that scar. This man who just left us had no scar on his forehead."

Harry said no more. He had noticed the scar, and he was inwardly questioning if Old King Brady has seen it, although he knew that the old detective seldom makes mistakes in such matters.

"And now what?" Alice asked.

"It is a case of careful work if we want to get out of this fog of ours," replied Old King Brady. "Alice, you learn all you can about Zeltner's family relations. That's your job. Harry and I will now go to the office of the company and have our formal interview. You need not appear in it. I am curious to see Peter Parker before I express any opinion in the case. Alice left shortly afterward on her mission, but not before Old King Brady succeeded in getting Washington on the wire. The question he put to the Secret Service people was: 'In whose interest are we working?'"

The answer was, "strictly in Senator Story's interest, as he owns a large block of the National Machinery Co.'s stock."

CHAPTER V.—Picking Up Points.

The plant of the National Agricultural Machinery Co. was away out on Archer Avenue, and the office was at the factory. Shortly after ten Old King Brady and Harry presented themselves there. The offices were large and there were many clerks. After a brief wait the detectives were ushered into the president's private office. Here Mr. Howe received him with great dignity and as if they were strangers. Zeltner was not in evidence.

"Oh, Mr. Parker!" called the president, "the detectives have come."

"Good!" came the response from an inner office. "I'll be right in."

Presently appeared Mr. Parker. A tall, thin man with a wig and spectacles, who might have

been any age between fifty and seventy. He beamed upon the Bradys over his spectacles and told them that he was glad to see them.

"Shall I call in Mr. Zeltner, Mr. Howe?" he asked after he had been introduced.

"I wish you would," replied the president in a surly fashion.

Entered then Mr. Zeltner, stiff and stately. At once Harry noticed that his hair was differently arranged, having been sleeked down over his forehead somewhat, but it did not altogether conceal the extreme top of the forehead in the center. Certainly there was no scar.

Mr. Howe then began to talk. Once more he went over the entire case as if the Bradys had never heard it before. Mr. Parker occasionally butted in with a few points. Mr. Zeltner sat with the expression of helplessness on his face which is peculiar to the deaf and dumb.

"And now, gentlemen, it is up to you." Mr. Howe ended by saying: "One of us three is surely guilty. I have said it before and I say it again. Parker, tell Zeltner what I have just said."

"You see, gentlemen, I have picked up a little deaf and dumb talk," Parker explained, and he began to wiggle his fingers.

Zeltner responded.

"What does he say, Harry?" Old King Brady asked.

"Oh, Young King Brady can do the mute act," exclaimed Parker.

"He can," was the reply.

"Fortunate. Perhaps he can get closer to Zeltner than either of us are able to do."

"He says," added Harry, "that he quite agrees with Mr. Howe. One of these three gentlemen is guilty."

"I am innocent," said the president pompously.

"Ditto," added Parker lightly with the air of a man who treated the whole affair as a joke.

Zeltner began to wriggle his fingers again.

"What does he say?" demanded the old detective.

"Same thing," replied Harry. "He declares his innocence."

"Very well, gentlemen," said Old King Brady, "we will get right down to work."

"If I can be of any assistance, command me," said the president.

"Ditto," repeated Parker.

Wiggle-wiggle went Zeltner's fingers.

"What does he say?" demanded Old King Brady.

"That if we want to question him now will be a good time, seeing that I can talk to him," Harry replied.

"Ask him if he knows Joe Demetri, the Greek," said Old King Brady quietly.

Harry put the question. All saw the slight start which the treasurer gave. But his reply was prompt. And he said he did not know Joe Demetri, the Greek. Mr. Howe turned to his desk and began to write.

Mr. Zeltner got up and left the office. The Bradys rose to go.

"When shall we see you again, gentlemen?" asked the president.

"Hard to say," was the reply. "Oblige me with one of those note forms, please."

Mr. Howe produced it.

"Now point out the secret mark," said the old detective.

"Well, Parker, shall I do it?" asked the president.

"It's up to you," was the reply.

Mr. Howe did it. The mark was a peculiar point in the printing which would be difficult to explain. Parker then left the office. Mr. Howe said nothing, however, and the detectives took their leave. There were several doors opening into the hall which led up to the president's private office. As the Bradys passed along one of these doors slightly opened and a twisted slip of paper came flying out, whereupon the door was immediately closed.

"Intended for us, I suppose," muttered Harry as he stooped and picked it up. He straightened out the paper and found written upon it:

"Bradys."

"Don't open it until we get aboard the car," said the old detective.

Harry waited accordingly. The paper read:

"Gentlemen: You made a mistake in not complying with my request. It is essential that I should see you alone. To-night at 7:30 you will find me strolling on the lake front between Randolph and Madison Streets. Better be on hand. I've got a clew.

P. P."

"Humph!" said Old King Brady. "The old fellow is persistent, but do you know I rather like him."

"So do I," replied Harry. "He looks like an old sport all the same."

"Something that way. Well, we must meet him—one of us, at least."

"Which?"

"I think I'll turn it over to you. I propose to shadow Howe to-night."

"And Zeltner?"

"We will drop him for the present."

"Governor, do you believe him guilty?"

"Harry, I don't know what to say, I am all in a fog. Of course, circumstances seem to point his way, but we must not judge by appearances. Howe's change of manner after Zeltner's exposure, if we may call it such, was very significant. It would not surprise me a bit if those shots last night were actually intended for him."

"I think so. It can't be that the plot to sink the yacht was for our benefit only. But presently we shall know more about the man. I am going to telephone Black to see if his name appears in connection with the Gotham Bank scandal."

The "Black" alluded to was Inspector Black, of the New York police, Old King Brady's most intimate friend. The telephoning was done at the Sherman House, and Old King Brady was fortunate enough to get the inspector on the wire without any great delay. They had quite a talk. Then came a wait.

"What does he say?" asked Harry.

"He does not know much about the facts in the bank case himself, but there is a record of them at Headquarters. He has gone upstairs to consult them," was the reply.

In a little while the inspector called up.

"Ha!" said Old King Brady. "Well, thank you, Black. Good-by. What's that? Hope we may

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succeed. Why, of course we shall succeed. We make a practice of succeeding. Good-by."

"Get anything definite?" asked Harry.

"Indeed I did," was the reply.

"What?"

"Among the papers seized at the bank is a bunch of letters. These have been carefully indexed. Thus it was easy to get at the names. Rufus Howe's is there all right."

"Looks bad for Howe."

"It does so, but even now we must not decide hastily. Let us get down to the Board of Trade and see what we can learn."

The Bradys trailed down La Salle Street.

Reaching the Board of Trade building, Old King Brady sent in his card to a certain broker whom he knew. The man came out after a little. He knew Howe, it appeared.

"He's a surly proposition," he said. "I never did any business with him."

"What we want to find out is about certain heavy losses he is supposed to have made some six or eight weeks ago," said the old detective.

"It is longer than that," was the reply. "More than two months. I heard that he dropped sixty odd thousand."

"Were his obligations promptly met?"

"I don't know, but I can easily find out," said the broker.

"I wish you would, then," answered Old King Brady, and after a brief wait the broker returned with the information that Mr. Howe's obligations had all been promptly met so far as was known, and further that the man had not touched the market since.

It was now dinner time, and the Bradys returned to the hotel, where Alice joined them.

"Well, what luck?" the old detective asked.

"Why, Zeltner is living alone in his house," replied Alice. "His family have been away all summer. They are at some eastern watering place. I could not find out the address."

"I am sorry you did not, then. I should have liked to ask that woman a few questions about her husband if I could have got her on the telephone."

"I did my best, Mr. Brady."

"Oh, I don't doubt that, Alice."

"And what is the programme for the afternoon?" inquired Harry. "We seem to have time on our hands."

"My programme is to shadow Howe," was the reply. "You don't begin until night, when you meet Parker. After you have met him you must decide for yourselves."

Old King Brady was at considerable of a loss to know how to make up for his work, for owing to his age and peculiar appearance, his opportunities at disguise are limited. He finally concluded that the simplest way would be the least likely to attract attention, so he made up like an elderly working man, and returning to the factory, hovered around the gate. But he was prepared for any emergency. Whether Mr. Howe would leave the works on foot, by automobile or in his private carriage the old detective did not know. In order to be prepared for any emergency, Old King Brady had both a cab and an automobile in waiting. Mr. Howe came out about four o'clock and took a car. Old King Brady could easily have boarded the same car,

and for a moment he thought of doing so, but he concluded to trail the car by automobile. It was well that he did so, for before they had gone more than a few blocks Mr. Howe alighted, and walking to a handsome automobile which was in waiting nearby, got in. There was a lady seated in the tonneau; her face was concealed by a purple automobile veil.

"After them," said the old detective to the chauffeur. "It is lucky I held on to you."

"That's what it is, boss," replied the man. "You wouldn't have been in it if you had not got into the car."

And Old King Brady, lighting a cigar, settled back for a long ride.

CHAPTER VI.—Solving the Zeltner Problem.

Harry and Alice, who are lovers and practically engaged, were only too glad to find themselves with a spare afternoon on their hands. They improved it by taking in the matinee. At supper time Old King Brady had not returned. Evening came, and they went down on the lake front to keep their engagement with Peter Parker if it could be so called. They did not have to wait long before they saw the old man steering their way. He wore white flannel trousers, a belt, a very tart shirt, a gorgeous tie with a big diamond, tan shoes, a straw hat, with a pink band, and as he walked he twirled a bamboo cane. Presently he spied Harry and quickened his steps.

"Ah there! Right on time, I see!" he exclaimed as he approached, tipping his hat. "Introduce me to the lady. Beautiful evening. Rather warm for this time of year—at least I don't mean that. Right time of year to have it warm. By Jove, this forgery business has warmed things up for me. All mixed up. Miss Montgomery, charmed to meet you. Where's Old King What's-hi-name? Thought he was coming, too."

Mr. Parker talked so fast that it was impossible to get in a word. He paused now, however, and Harry explained that Old King Brady was not coming.

"We represent the firm," Harry added, "so whatever you have to say can be said to us."

"Just so," replied Parker, looking a little disappointed. "It is all right, I suppose. A man can't be everywhere. Pity he couldn't have called on me last night as I requested. Shall we walk?"

Harry explained that it had been impossible as they walked along.

"And now I am going to startle you," said Mr. Parker. "Listen here, I positively assert that the man you saw to-day at our office is not A. A. Zeltner."

Mr. Parker looked as if he expected Harry to drop dead. The surprise was his when the latter quietly replied:

"So Old King Brady thinks."

"On what grounds?"

Mr. Brady has been a long time in the detective business. He is very quick to size up a situation."

"The resemblance is wonderfully close," said the secretary. "I have watched this man closely. He is certainly deaf and dumb, but he is not A. A. Zeltner, that I will swear."

"So you said before, but your reasons?"

"I have several. In the first place, while he handled himself with great skill, he displayed an unfamiliarity with our work at the office. It was quickly overcome, and now he is fully up in his work. I didn't tumble at first. I thought the man must be sick, but I watched him, and after a few days I caught him."

"At what?"

"Listen here. Zeltner had a peculiar scar on his forehead, in the middle, almost up under the hair, which he wore in such a manner as to conceal it as a rule, but I saw it more than once. This man has been cultivating his hair so as to cover the same portion of the forehead. It does it pretty effectually now, but it didn't at first. He has no such scar."

Here was strong evidence. Clearly Old King Brady was right. Harry, of course, could not explain this to Mr. Parker without detailing their adventures in the fog, which he did not care to do.

"Do you think Mr. Howe has tumbled to this?"

"I don't think he has."

"Have you called his attention to it?"

"Not on your life. You don't know Mr. Howe. He is a conceited, pompous fellow. I dare say you question that since he was pleasant to you, but it is true all the same. He wouldn't listen to me. Besides, I'm not doing the detective act for his benefit. He may be standing in with this fellow for all I know. I have no confidence in him. I am innocent, and all I can do is to act on the defensive."

"And that is all you have to say?"

"That is all. Isn't it enough?"

"It is strong evidence. Has this man taken any money direct, do you think?"

"You bet he hasn't. I have watched every move he makes; I have demanded a voucher for every cent received and paid out by him. I'm a good watch-dog and don't you forget it, Mr. Brady. Yes, yes, a good watch-dog. He can't get the best of me. But now you know my suspicions, what do you suggest?"

"We must try for other proof. What do you know about Zeltner, anyway?"

"Very little. He came to us when we took over another concern in which his old father was heavily interested."

"What is his first name?"

"Anton."

"You don't know if he has a twin brother, I suppose?"

"I know nothing of the sort. Wish I did. It is up to you to find out that."

"His family have been away all summer, I understand?"

"Is that so? I didn't know it. Reasons, perhaps. Couldn't fool his wife. I believe Zeltner has been done up or is locked up somewhere. He seemed a good fellow. This man's disposition is altogether different. But there's your clew. Now make the most of it."

"Do you happen to know the address of the elder Zeltner?" asked Alice.

"Yes. Out on North La Salle Street," was the reply. "Do you think of putting it up to him? I would."

"The idea appeals to me," said Alice. "What do you say, Harry?"

"Suppose we try it."

"How?"

"You go as a dummy."

"Looking for A. A. Zeltner or a brother?"

"The latter."

"But I have no first name to go by."

"You can fix up some plan, Alice, I am sure of it."

"I think so. Suppose we try it right now."

"I highly approve," said Parker. "If you could only settle it that there are two Zeltners, and are brothers, you would have scored a big point."

"I believe it can be done," said Harry. "Let us go. Do you want to go along, Mr. Parker, and wait for us on the outside?"

"Delighted!" cried the old dude. "All I want is to see this mystery cleared up. If I can lend you a helping hand, count me in every time."

So they went to the North Side by electric car. The address was far out on North La Salle Street. Here they found that the number was attached to a corner beer saloon. The building was one of a row of flats.

"Now, Mr. Parker," said Harry, "here comes your chance to do a little detective work. Do you ever drink beer?"

"I do—sometimes."

"It won't pay for us to show ourselves too prominently in the neighborhood. What we want first is to learn all we can about old man Zeltner. Have you ever met him?"

"Never. He is far advanced in years. His lawyer represents him in everything."

"Very well. Go into the saloon. Drink a glass of beer and pump whoever is behind the bar for all he is worth. You may learn much or nothing. At least you can try it on."

"Yours truly!" cried the sprightly old fellow. "Here goes for a try. Where shall I find you?"

"Either on this block or the next. You won't have to hunt far."

Parker departed and in about fifteen minutes joined them further along on the block.

"Listen here," he said. "I don't know whether my information amounts to anything or not, but such as it is it is not on tap like that fellow's beer, which, by the by, was good."

"Consider the spigot turned, and let it come," replied Harry.

"Then here goes. The old Zeltner brewery formerly stood on those lots. It was pulled down to make room for that row of flats. The old man is a miser. He lives in three rooms on the top floor at the number in question along with a housekeeper. So far as my beer man knows, he has but one son, Anton A., but he said that he once heard that there was another son who died years ago. Shut off the spigot. The keg has run dry."

"It is as much as could be expected," said Harry. "We will tackle the old man."

"How do you intend to go about it?"

"We are going to assume that the other Zeltner is alive, that Alice here is his wife looking for him. I am her brother. We are both deaf and dumb."

"The idea isn't a bad one, but suppose the old man can't do the deaf and dumb act?"

"The chances are that he can, for he must have had some better way of talking with his son than by writing in all these years. Anyhow, we will

try it on. Wait here and see what we have to report."

Harry and Alice then entered the building and ascended to the top floor. While it posed as a flat, it was actually a tenement of the better class. Having located the Zeltner apartments from the bell-board at the door, they knocked on the first door they came to on the right. The knock was answered by an elderly German woman. Alice inquired for Mr. Zeltner with her fingers in German. To her satisfaction the woman promptly responded. He was in; what did she want? To see him in reference to his son. The woman seemed surprised. She asked what about.

"I can only tell Mr. Zeltner that," replied Alice. "I must see him. It is very important."

The woman then shut the door in her face and was gone some time. At last she reappeared and motioned for them to enter. The room into which they passed was evidently the home of a man who worshiped money. It was furnished in the plainest fashion and lighted only by a small lamp. In an old rocking chair with a broken back sat an aged man bent double with years and infirmities. His hair was snow white, his beard long and thin, his dress was merely an old wrapper and a pair of carpet slippers. From the jaded appearance of his eyes it was easy to see that they were in bad shape. Alice at once began her dummy talk.

"I want to find my husband," she said with her fingers. "He has deserted me. This gentleman is my brother. We are both deaf and dumb. I understand you are Mr. Zeltner's father—is it not so?"

The old man's face assumed a foxy expression; his eyes winked rapidly. But he was certainly able to meet the situation, for he began with his fingers as soon as Alice ceased.

"What do you mean by coming here, woman?" he retorted. "You are not my son Anton's wife. Don't I know her? Who are you? Do you pretend that Anton has two wives already? You must be crazy—yes."

"Anton! I know no Anton Zeltner," answered Alice, following up this, "but you are my husband's father all right."

"Do you mean to say you are the wife of my son. George?" came next.

"Yes."

The old man's wrath rose.

"Go away!" he answered. "How dare you come to me, you dumb fool! That man is a crook, a thief. I cast him off years ago. George Zeltner is no son of mine."

"Tell me where he is!" pursued Alice. "You must know. I demand to know! He has deserted me and the children. I will have my rights."

"Go, go!" said the old brawler. "Don't talk to me of your children. They are no grandchildren of mine. I will never own them!"

And then impelled by curiosity, he asked how many children there were. Alice made it three, and was ready with their names if she had been asked, but she was not. The old fellow seemed to almost collapse as he again ordered her out, and this time she went. Harry had no occasion to interfere.

"You managed it splendidly, Alice," he whispered as they descended the stairs.

"Glad you were pleased," replied Alice. "I think myself I did pretty well."

Peter Parker thought so, too.

"I told you so," he said. "The only thing you fell down in was in not finding out if these brothers were twins."

"It did not seem possible," replied Alice. "You see we had to work quick."

"You did all the work. I did nothing," added Harry. "But we have proved your point, Mr. Parker, and we must rest satisfied with that. Your present treasurer, in all probability, is George Zeltner, the crook. Question is, what has become of Anton?"

"Probably he has been murdered," replied Parker.

Harry was on the point of telling him all then, but he concluded not to do so until he had consulted his chief.

"I suppose we have done all we can to-night," observed Parker. "Do we go back downtown?"

Harry thought so, and they started. Suddenly Parker turned on him and asked what Old King Brady meant what he questioned Zeltner about Demetri, the Greek.

"Impossible for me to say," replied Harry. "You must put that question to Old King Brady, but tell me, Mr. Parker, has Zeltner—George, as we will now call the treasurer—been in the habit of receiving any visitors who might have been Greeks?"

"And that is why I asked," answered Parker. "But I don't know that I ever saw a Greek to know him as such. Just what do they look like?"

"So much like an Italian that you could not tell the difference."

"Well, then there has been a man who has called at the office several times within the last three weeks to see Zeltner who will perfectly fill the bill."

"Describe him."

"He is a very dark man, with black hair and black eyes, evidently a foreigner."

"You have no idea what his business with Zeltner is?"

"Not the least. They always talk with their fingers. I am only just learning, but the man is not deaf and dumb."

They continued to discuss the situation in a general way until they finally parted at the Sherman House.

CHAPTER VII.—Back to Paradise Island.

Old King Brady found himself in for a long shadow, and at first it was a very dull one. The automobile which Mr. Howe entered ran down to the Palmer House and remained in waiting. So did Old King Brady in his hired machine. The couple were gone for over an hour. The old detective spotted them in the restaurant eating. They then treated themselves to a long ride around the parks. Old King Brady trailed after them, but as they did not leave the machine it was dull work. At last they ran downtown again, and Howe got out in the neighborhood of the Auditorium.

The woman with the purple veil was now out of the case, apparently. Mr. Howe went on to the Auditorium where he lived, it will be remem-

bered, and entered. This seemed to settle it, and might have done so for another detective, but Old King Brady was not giving up yet by any means. His opinion of Mr. Howe had changed. While he was by no means prepared to pronounce the president the forger, he had come to the conclusion that Mr. Howe was a vain, weak man, and capable of doing any foolish thing. He determined not to abandon the trail before midnight except to get his supper, and this seemed a favorable time. Instructing the chauffeur to keep a close watch, the old detective hurried to a neighboring restaurant and snatched a hasty bite.

"Anything doing?" he asked when he returned to the automobile.

"I haven't seen him, sir," was the reply.

Nor did Old King Brady see the president until along towards eleven o'clock after he was almost worn out with waiting. Then suddenly his man came out of the hotel. He was rather roughly dressed and wore a golf cap. He hurried away from the hotel on foot.

"Follow," was Old King Brady's order.

He felt that perhaps after all there was going to be something doing, although he had practically given it up. When Mr. Howe reached the nearest station of the elevated railroad he started up the steps.

"I leave you here," said Old King Brady.

He had already settled with the chauffeur, and he lost not an instant in gaining the elevated station. Nor was he any too soon. A south-bound train was just pulling in and Mr. Howe went aboard. Of course the old detective followed, and then the real chase began. It was no surprise to Old King Brady when the president left the train at the station nearest to the old club-house where the night before in the fog he and his partners had boarded the boat. The old detective expected nothing else. His suspicions of Mr. Howe were now on the increase. He trailed after the man, and the trail led him to the old club-house, as he supposed it would. But Mr. Howe did not attempt to enter the deserted building. He first went around it on the land side.

Old King Brady watching from a distance saw that he was evidently looking for someone. No one appearing, the president went out upon a balcony which extended over the water, and there sat down on the rail to wait. It was now nearly midnight. Old King Brady drew nearer. He had almost come to the conclusion to declare himself and take his chances, when hearing footsteps behind him, he drew further back into the shadows of a building alongside which he was standing and turned to look. A man was approaching. Considering how warm the night was, the man was peculiarly dressed, for he wore a light overcoat with the collar turned up, and a slouch hat was pulled low down over his eyes.

The man advanced to the club-house, and, going out to the balcony, joined Mr. Howe. They did not shake hands, but stood talking at some little distance from each other, and once the president waved the man back as he made a move to approach nearer. Old King Brady closed in as near as he dared, but it was not possible to get close enough to hear what was being said. At last Mr. Howe seemed to lose patience, and waving the man aside, he attempted to pass him.

This brought the climax. Suddenly a second man appeared on the scene. Both now closed on Mr. Howe. Old King Brady instantly jumped in ready to do business. But this was the time the old detective missed it. Before he could fairly draw his revolver he was felled by a stunning blow on the back of the head, which for the moment rendered him unconscious. When he came to himself the situation was serious enough. His hands and legs had been securely bound. Two men were busily searching him. He closed his eyes, which, indeed, he had not fully opened, and listened to their talk.

"Sure, he's Old King Brady," one remarked as he appropriated the old detective's watch.

"I never said he wasn't," came the reply.

Then it was:

"Huh! You've drawn a prize all right."

The watch was but a cheap affair. Old King Brady never carries an expensive one.

"It's something, anyway," was the reply. "He don't seem to have much of a roll, either."

He had secured five one-dollar bills. Pretty slim pickings, that. If he had but known it, Old King Brady had a good fat roll hidden in a secret pocket, but this they did not find.

"And now what ought we to do with him?" one asked.

"Pity those shots missed last night."

"That's up to you. Wait till Joe comes back. He'll decide."

Was the allusion to Joe Demetri, the Greek? Old King Brady wondered. A foreign looking fellow now joined the pair. They now began to talk in some foreign language. At last they appeared to have decided the question. They picked up the old detective, carried him down upon the pier and lowered him into a boat where he was laid down alongside of another prisoner. It was Mr. Howe, of course. The president was gagged as well as bound. One of the men now said in English:

"The old bloke is dead all right. We may as well heave him into the lake."

"No," snarled another—it was the foreigner—"not unless I am sure he's dead; then I will."

Old King Brady thought it was about time to come to life, and he promptly did so with many a sigh and groan.

"Told you he wasn't dead," growled the foreigner. "We better gag him now."

"Don't," pleaded the old detective, "I am almost dead, boys. Spare me that and I promise not to make a sound."

"If you make half a one it means your finish," said the man.

After that nothing more was said. The rowers, one of whom had his feet resting on Old King Brady, pulled steadily on. Meanwhile Mr. Howe kept groaning and sighing, but not the least attention was paid to him. At last they ran alongside a pier and made fast. Mr. Howe was now taken out and carried away. After a considerable wait the old detective's turn came. He, like the president, was hauled out upon the pier by means of a rope. Here they untied his legs and set him on his feet.

"You'll come along with us now, old man," said the one addressed as Joe, and he took him by the arm and led him forward.

It was Paradise Island again. There stood the

unfinished hotel right ahead of them. Old King Brady saw a man wearing a black mask standing on the steps. He did not speak, however, as Joe led the old detective up on to the piazza, but turned and followed them. They went around to the side of the building facing the lake, where they entered a little room. Old King Brady had looked behind this door when he made his examination, finding that it opened into a small inclosure opening overhead into the unfinished upper stories. There had been no ladder here then, but there was one now. Joe went up ahead, calling to Old King Brady to follow.

"Don't you hold back now, old man!" he cried. "Look behind you and you will see why."

The silent mask stood there with a revolver aimed at him. It was clearly no time for discussion or argument, so Old King Brady went up the ladder, his hands, we should have mentioned, having been previously released. Joe was waiting for him at the top of the ladder with a lantern. So was another man. Old King Brady was now tumbled over and tied up again.

They did not blindfold him, but Joe laid a handkerchief loosely over his face, so it amounted to the same thing. They then picked the old detective up and carried him by many windings for a considerable distance. At last they laid their burden down, the handkerchief was removed and a door closed, leaving the old detective in darkness alongside a groaning man.

"Mr. Howe, is that you?" demanded Old King Brady.

Certain mumbling sounds came in answer. It was the president, of course, and he was still gagged.

"Listen," said Old King Brady, "I saw how that cloth was tied over your mouth; work your jaws all you can and you may be able to loosen it. Probably it will slip down."

The advice was followed, and at length the president spoke.

"Oh, what a fool I have been, Brady!" were his first words.

"Oh course," replied the old detective. "Here's another of the same breed."

"But you were attending to your legitimate business. I was going outside of mine."

"Don't upbraid yourself. We all make mistakes. Yours was in not taking your detective into your confidence after you had engaged him."

"Exactly so. Were you shadowing me?"

"I was."

"How long have you been at it?"

"Every since you left the works. I tried to save you from this but I was not quick enough it seems."

"And now we are both up against it. Oh, what a fool I have been."

"You made that remark before, and I fail to see what can be gained by repeating it. But unless I miss my guess you were fooled by a woman."

"It is so."

"With a purple veil."

"I wish she had her purple veil crammed down her throat! I wish I had listened to you!"

"Well, well," said Old King Brady, "you can console yourself, Mr. Howe, with the reflection that I am here with you. And now what about

it? Do I get your full confidence or do I not? That will go a long way towards getting me at least out of the fog."

CHAPTER VIII.—The Dummy's Latest Tip.

Needless to say Old King Brady did not return to the Sherman House that night. Harry and Alice were not a little disturbed when they found that he was not on hand next morning.

"I am afraid the governor has butted in at the wrong pew again," remarked Harry. "What to do about it I don't know."

"Perhaps we shall find that he has sent some word to the office," suggested Alice.

But it was not so. After breakfast they began to discuss the case.

"We must keep on working," said Harry. "Of course, the governor will turn up all right. He always does, but what are we to do in the meantime?"

"Follow up our discovery of last night, I suppose," said Alice.

"Yes, but how?"

"Strike for more information about that man Zeltner. I have an idea that if he is a professional crook, being also a dummy, he is likely known to the police."

"I don't think so," replied Harry. "If he was he would hardly dare to undertake so dangerous a scheme as to personate his brother right here in Chicago. However, we can inquire."

They accordingly went to Headquarters and put the question to the chief of Chicago's police detectives.

"No such person on the blacklist in my time," replied Mr. Flynn, the official in question. "How old should you say he was?"

"At least fifty."

"He may date back a good many years then. Our records are indexed. You can look him up for yourself, Brady."

Harry accepted the invitation. The name and record of George Zeltner was soon found. The man had turned crooked at the age of twenty-five, it appeared. He had originally been a book-keeper in his father's brewery. Here he robbed the old man of a large sum and fled the city. He was next reported as a common swindler in New Orleans. There was a record of his arrest in New York five years later for burglary. This time he got five years in Sing Sing. The case was plain. A. A. Zeltner was being personated by his brother George, a professional crook. But what had become of Anton? This was the all important question now.

"Let us go to that house on Ashland avenue and see if we can't get in and make a search," suggested Alice. "We may unearth something."

Harry assented and they went. The house was a substantial three-story yellow brick structure. It bore every evidence of having been closed for some time. The door was secured only by an ordinary key, and Harry found little difficulty in opening it with his skeletons. In a moment they found themselves inside.

"It doesn't seem so very stuffy," remarked Alice. "The man evidently is stopping here, as I learned yesterday from the neighbors."

This was presently proved by a look into the front chamber on the second story, which had been recently occupied. The detectives now began their search. The house was well furnished and in good order. But at the same time it was certain that some one had given it a general overhauling. Certain closet doors had been pried open with a jimmy. It looked like burglars' work. But as they now knew that George Zeltner was himself a burglar, they were ready to admit that all this was his doings.

But after an extended search nothing had been discovered to shed any light upon the fog which seemed to have enveloped this case from the start. Such was the situation when Alice, who was examining the desk in the library for the second time, came across a bunch of letters in a pigeon-hole which had been overlooked.

"From a woman. Written in German, and signed Sophie," she announced.

"To whom are they addressed?" demanded Harry.

"Dear George, George Dearest, and so on. Give me a chance to read them."

Alice did this and announced that all were merely love letters except one, which bore date of the day before.

"Listen to this," she said, and, translating, she read as follows:

"George Dear: I have written the letter to Mr. H. The hardest task you can set me is to make love to another man than your own dear self. Isn't it strange, my darling, that although I never have heard the sound of your voice, I can love you as I do? But enough of this. I have had my answer. Mr. H. is to meet me tomorrow. I shall take him for a ride in my automobile and shall tell him just what you say. I wish you success, George, but don't kill him. Hold him a prisoner till you can work your scheme out to a finish. I am sure bad luck will come to us if you don't heed this warning. I do so long to see it all finished, George, so you and I can go down to Mexico and live happily by ourselves. Remember your promise. If all this succeeds, you are to shake the gang and quit this dangerous life forever. Lovingly, Sophie."

"Come!" exclaimed Harry. "Mr. H. must mean Mr. Howe?"

"Looks so," replied Alice.

"Isn't that letter dated anywhere?"

"No, but one of the others is."

"Where?"

"Stanard's Hotel, No. — Wabash avenue."

"If Sophie would only give her last name!"

Harry pondered for a moment.

"The intention evidently is to carry Mr. Howe off if the letter refers to Mr. Howe," he said. "I believe I will warn him."

"And interfere with Mr. Brady's plans?"

"He ought to turn up and tell us about his plans if he don't want interference."

"Don't say too much. There is no telling what may have occurred, you know."

"That's so, too. All the same I think we may as well get over to the works and sound the warning."

They went. They found Mr. Parker the only officer on hand.

"I'm glad you have come," said the secretary.

"Mr. Howe has not turned up. I telephoned the Auditorium, where he lives, to see if he was sick, and the word I got was that he went away late last night and has not been seen since."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Harry. "And Mr. Zeltner?"

"He was here this morning. He immediately left for Boston. Says his wife is sick. I tried to get you on the telephone. He ought to have been arrested. I didn't know what to do."

"Has Old King Brady been here this morning?" inquired Harry.

Mr. Parker assured him that he had not. Harry and Alice left then.

"And now for Stanard's hotel," said Harry.

They had come out to the Archer avenue factory by the electric cars, and they proposed to return in the same way. They had to wait for a car, and as they stood on the corner talking, a ragged boy suddenly pushed past them, thrusting a paper into Alice's hand. It was the dummy.

"Stop that boy!" she cried, for he instantly took to his heels.

Harry made a move to do so, but instantly checked himself, for it would have been impossible without creating a scene. The boy was going like the wind. Alice opened the twisted-up paper and found scrawled upon it:

"De gang got old King Brady last night. Dey got dat old man, too. Go to Paradise Island right away. Dere ain't nobody dere now. You can get 'em easy—see? Dis is straight goods and no stall."

"Well!" exclaimed Harry, "this alters things. Do you believe it?"

"Harry, it is up to you. I don't know what to say," Alice replied.

The car came and they got aboard, for it would take them on their way in any case.

"I think we may as well go," said Harry after they had seated themselves.

"Then let us risk it and go. I know Mr. Brady would greatly prefer not to have the police brought into the case. We can observe great care."

Their determination once taken they did not turn back, and they now went to the place where they had left the boat. It was still there. The old boatman reported that no one had been there inquiring for it since they left.

Harry helped Alice aboard, and they pulled over to Paradise Island. The distance which had seemed so great before in the fog now appeared as nothing. Landing where they did before, they ascended the ladder and approached the unfinished hotel. The premises appeared to be entirely deserted. They entered the office and went into the dining-room, but nothing was discovered. Their search extended over the entire lower portion of the building, but it was just the same. Harry even opened the little door through which Old King Brady had been taken. There was no ladder here now, but it will be remembered there had been none there when they looked before, so Harry closed the door without giving it a second thought.

"I am afraid we have been fooled, Alice," he remarked. "It begins to look to me as if we

better get out of here as quick as we can before we are captured ourselves."

"I don't know," replied Alice. "That boy has stood our friend thus far in the case. I don't believe he meant to fool us."

"But what shall we do?"

"Wait."

"A woman's advice. I am for action."

"Reject the woman's advice, then, and act if you can think of anything to do. I can't. I have an idea, though, that the boy will turn up in due time and give us a steer."

They walked up and down the piazaz for a while.

"If we are going to stay here we may as well sit down," observed Harry at last. "I'll go inside and get the bench."

He stepped into the office, immediately coming out again with a paper in his hand.

"We need someone to teach us our business, Alice!" he exclaimed. "Look! This is a note from the boy. It was lying on the bench. We must have overlooked it."

"Indeed we didn't!" cried Alice. "I remember particularly looking on the bench. If there had been any letter lying there I should certainly have seen it. But what does it say?"

Harry read as follows:

"Go to de little door, climb the ladder; go down to de wing nearest de shore; open de door you see dere."

"He must mean that door around on the side," said Harry. "There was no ladder there when we looked."

They looked again, however, and this time there was a ladder in place.

"The boy is here," observed Alice. "I wish he would show himself and explain this mystery."

Harry stood hesitating.

"This looks bad," he said. "More and more as if there was some intention of leading us into a trap. I can't leave you behind, Alice, while I explore up there. What is more, I won't, and you can't walk over the beams."

"Hark!" breathed Alice. "It seems to me that I hear someone walking over the beams now."

Harry listened.

"You are right," he said. "There is certainly someone up there. We must be prepared."

He drew his revolver and waited. The sounds grew louder. Someone was walking above and evidently nearing the ladder.

"Stand back, Alice," whispered Harry. "A minute will settle it."

He was right. A moment later a man was seen descending the ladder. As he came lower they failed to recognize him as anyone they knew.

"Hold on there!" shouted Harry. "I have you covered! Turn and show your face!"

"Certainly. Anything to oblige you, Harry!" came the reply in a familiar voice.

And when the man on the ladder turned, there stood Old King Brady in his disguise.

"What in the world brought you two here? Looking for me?" he asked.

"Sure," replied Harry. "Tipped off by the little dummy. Did he set you free?"

"I set myself free."

"You have been a prisoner up there, then?"

"All night and up to just now," was the reply, and Old King Brady went on to explain what had happened.

"We lay there for hours," he said when he got to the point where he and Mr. Howe found themselves prisoners in the darkness. "Morning came and found us still up against it. I tried every way in the world to free myself, but it was no use."

"And is Mr. Howe up there now?" broke in Harry.

"Wait. Let me tell my story in my own way," replied the old detective. "Matters had reached this point when the door was opened and two masked men entered. They picked up Mr. Howe and carried him away with them. I tried to make them talk, but it was no use. That was about three hours ago."

"And you were locked in again?" asked Harry.

"Yes. It was light now, and left alone I suppose I became more alert. At all events, by rolling around I came upon a nail in the floor which had not been driven home, and I began our old sawing trick with the cords. It took a long while, but it finally did the business. Once I got my hands free the rest was easy, and here I am. If I had had any idea that you two were on hand, I think I should have waited and let you do the rescue act, for I am about worn out with it all. But now go ahead with your story. I feel all in a fog about this bothersome case."

Harry told his story as they sat on the bench which he brought out on the piazza.

"Well?" demanded Alice when he had finished, "has the fog lifted any, Mr. Brady?"

"I think I may say that you have cleared away a good bit of it," replied the old detective. "This George Zeltner has evidently kidnaped his brother and usurped his place. All that is plain. Equally plain would it seem to be that he is the forger."

"You no longer suspect Mr. Howe?"

"Oh, no! It is impossible in the light of the conversation we had while we lay there last night. He received a letter from this woman, who pretended to be a rich widow who had seen him and was stuck on him. He met her by appointment, took her to the Palmer House to supper and for a ride around the parks, in course of which she pretended to open up her heart to him and told him that Peter Parker was paying attention to her; that she knew him to be the forger of the notes; that she had an appointment with him, and that they were coming to the old club-house at midnight to go over to Paradise Island, where Parker was to meet the rest of the gang. The woman admitted that she was a professional crook. No matter about all the details of it. Enough to say that altogether she completely hoodwinked old man Howe, and he fell into the clutches of the gang in the manner I have told you. Just let me see that letter you found in Zeltner's house."

Having read the letter, Old King Brady looked grave.

CHAPTER IX.—Coming Out of the Fog at Last.

"Good for you!" cried Harry. "Come on down, governor, and explain this mystery if you can."

Old King Brady promptly joined them.

"I am afraid they intend to kill Mr. Howe," he said.

"But why?" questioned Harry.

"Why, look at the situation," replied the old detective. "The National Agricultural Machinery Co. is a big commercial interest. Then there is old man Zeltner's fortune, which probably runs up into the millions. If George Zeltner can hold the position he has usurped it will make him a very rich man. The old father is apparently too blind to detect the deception. Parker is more or less a fool, evidently, or at least George Zeltner probably considers him so. Howe is the one to fear; consequently he gets Howe out of the way, and, incidentally, Old King Brady. If I had gone to his house that night there is no sort of doubt that I should have got myself into trouble. That's the way I look at the situation at least."

"Do you think the man you heard called Joe is your Joe Demetri, the Greek?"

"All I can say, Harry, is that he looked like a Greek, but I was not able to identify him. The masked man I believe to be George Zeltner. The fact that he never once spoke bears my supposition out. It seems to me that our best hold lies with this boy, who evidently is friendly towards us. He must have put the ladder in place, and if he did he is here on the island now."

"So I say," added Alice. "I fully endorse your reasoning, Mr. Brady, and I think you have cleared a good bit of the fog away."

"But Mr. Howe," said Harry.

"Must be found," replied the old detective quickly. "This gang cannot be a large one, or at least there can't be many of them here now in the daytime."

"None if the boy told the truth," put in Alice.

"And I was going to add," said the old detective, "that now is the time for us to make a thorough search of these premises, which has not been done yet, for the upper stories remain practically unexplored. Moreover, I have picked up a pointer, or I think I have."

"Which is?" inquired Harry.

"When those men approached the door of my prison and when they went away again. With Howe they certainly did not come or go by the road I traveled, but on one side; it was to the right as I lay facing the door. If we want to track this gang, our ways lies in that direction it seems to me."

"Right," said Harry. "Let us try it. Is it safe for Alice to walk around up there?"

"There are planks laid down everywhere over the beams. I had no difficulty. It depends upon how cool a head Alice has to-day."

"My head is all right," laughed Alice, "and I am certainly not going to be left behind. Shall we go now?"

"We will take one general look around and then try it," replied Old King Brady rising. "I do hope no trouble grows out of this! I suppose it would be the part of wisdom to get out of here as quick as we can."

They made the rounds.

The boat was found all right. So was the ladder behind the little door. There was also another ladder in the main hall leading up to the floor above. The examination of the ground floor and the cellar was as thorough as it was useless. This brought them back to Old King Brady's plan.

They ascended the ladder behind the little door to the floor above and Old King Brady pointed out the way.

"This is easy," remarked Alice. "I thought from the way you spoke, Mr. Brady, that there was only one board laid down, but there seems to be two in every case."

They went to the little room in which Old King Brady had been confined. It was in a wing overlooking the shore as the dummy's letter said. Leading away from the door on the side indicated by the old detective were two planks which they followed, and passing through an unfinished doorway they came into a winding corridor which led them to another wing of the big building. This was finished off nearly to completion. .

"Ha!" exclaimed the old detective, "here we begin business. Let me see, let me see?"

He looked out the window—there was no sash.

"The cellar does not extend under this wing," he said. "We are in a part of the building now which has not been explored. Let us proceed."

They pushed on and came to a locked door, after passing several rooms to which the doors had not yet been fitted. Old King Brady got out his skeleton keys, which had not been taken from him, and which he had used in getting out of his prison. Applying these to the lock, he readily opened the door. A narrow flight of stairs was revealed.

"Watchman's private stairway," said Harry. "Used by the housekeeper, too. They have them in most modern summer hotels."

"Follow me," said Old King Brady. "We are closing in now."

The stairs, which were winding, led them down to the kitchen, which as they afterwards found, was partly below ground on a level with the cellar. Probably the intention was to cut a door through the partition into the cellar, which was actually nothing but a depression in the cribbing which had been cemented over, but there was none now. Here there was evidence of occupancy. There were the remains of a fire in a range already in place; there were dishes on a table and food in a pantry. Two mattresses had been thrown down in one corner and had apparently been slept on. At one side of the long room were two steps leading up to a door which was locked.

"Probably the steward's room lies behind that door," observed Harry.

"Likely," was the reply, and the old detective stood listening.

"There's somebody in there," he whispered.

"What do you hear?" breathed Harry.

"Seems to be a man snoring."

Harry listened and thought so, too. Once more Old King Brady used his skeleton keys, and this time as noiselessly as possible. The door opened, and they found themselves looking into a room which, like the kitchen, had been finished off. It was unfinished save for a table and a rude bench upon which sat the foreigner, Joe. His head was on his arms, which were spread upon the table, and he was sound asleep. On the table were piles of greenbacks and a number of new quarters and half dollars. There was also a pen and a bottle of ink. There was nothing else in the room.

"My man Joe," breathed Old King Brady.

"Certainly not Joe Demetri as I remember him," whispered Harry.

"Whoever he is, now is the time to get him," said the old detective, "but before I take him I must get back into my working clothes, for I want him to realize that it is Old King Brady and no one else who has turned the trick."

"Have you all the materials at hand?" asked Alice.

"Everything," replied the old detective, and he retreated into the kitchen. Wonderful are the possibilities of that long blue coat. Old King Brady came back out of the kitchen the typical Old King Brady. More than that, he held a pair of handcuffs, which had not been taken from him when the search was made at the old club-house.

"Wake him, Harry," he whispered. "Have your revolver ready. These fellows are evidently counterfeiters as well as forgers. These coins are all false. The bills are queer. Don't you see the man was engaged in signing them when he dropped asleep? We have caught the head of the gang."

Harry drew his revolver and shook the fellow, who awoke with a start. He had evidently been drinking; he glared at the detective now.

"Old King Brady!" he gasped.

The revolver was under his nose and he did not dare to move.

"Ha! Yes, Old King Brady!" cried the detective, triumphantly. "Brace up for the bracelets. Here I come. Offer the least resistance and you are a dead one!"

The bracelets went on all right. The man, who was roughly dressed and wore a cap, staggered to his feet.

"You've got me foul," he growled. "All right! Get me out of here if you can!"

Now the old detective had not linked the forger's hands together, he had handcuffed him to himself, feeling that with Harry and Alice to help him this would be the easiest way to handle his prisoner. The man pulled away, dragging the old detective further along the room, and at the same time stamping his feet hard on the floor. Then a very singular thing happened. Suddenly a large section of the floor rose up beneath Old King Brady's feet. It sent the old detective tumbling backward, separating him from the prisoner, to whom he was handcuffed. Harry jumped to his aid. The bench was overturned. It struck the table, joggling off some of the counterfeit coins. The prisoner pulled and tugged. All the same Old King Brady would have been thrown over backward upon Harry if the floor had not fallen again as suddenly as it was raised. At the same instant a loud cry and the sound of a scuffle was heard below. The floor went down with a slam, and the prisoner raised a snarling cry as it fell, and again tried to drag Old King Brady forward for whatever reason, for there seemed nothing to be accomplished by it now.

"Shoot that fellow, Harry, unless he instantly quits his nonsense!" cried Old King Brady, and exerting all his strength he dragged his prisoner back over the movable floor. Harry jammed the revolver under his nose.

"Going to quit your nonsense?" he cried.

"Yes, yes, I'll be good," whined the man, cowed now.

"Better handcuff him the other way, governor," said Young King Brady, and it was done, as it should have been in the first place.

"That's better," growled the old detective. "Now to find out what all this means. We are coming out of the fog at last."

CHAPTER X.—The Confidence of Con.

"Raise that floor if it is to be raised!" ordered Old King Brady.

"There is a ring here," answered Harry. "It is only a big trap door, but I can't pull it up alone."

"Keep him covered, Alice, while I help Harry," said the old detective.

But their united efforts were not sufficient to raise the floor, which locked itself automatically, as they afterwards learned.

"What about this?" the old detective asked the prisoner. "How can we get it up? Who is down underneath there?"

The man, who was a bull-headed fellow, with a singularly stolid face, looked Old King Brady full in the eye.

"See here, Mr. Brady," he said, speaking with the accent and air of an educated man in spite of his rough appearance, "I am going to tell you one thing which is sure to save you some trouble if you care to remember it. You have got me all right. Well and good, but I'm no informer. I am now speaking my last word in this matter. I shall not open my mouth again, and even your third degree, if you see fit to try it on, won't make me. From this moment I am as dumb as that ungrateful scoundrel who, I am satisfied, has guided you to this place."

And it was so. Neither coaxing nor threats could get another word out of the man. They left him in charge of Alice, who held him constantly covered, and proceeded to search the room. Nothing more was discovered. Once more they tried to raise the floor, but this failed. Then just as they were thinking of starting away with their prisoner, the dumb boy burst into the room from the kitchen. He was hot and flushed. One eye was black and swelling; there was a cut on his nose.

"Oom! Oom! Oom!" he cried triumphantly, making the peculiar sound by which some mutes express their joy.

Old King Brady seeing that praise was needed, shook the boy's hand and patted his head. Alice and Harry said thank you with their fingers. The boy looked greatly pleased. The prisoner glared savagely and would have made a rush at him, but Harry was ready with his revolver and sternly ordered him back. Meanwhile Alice had begun an animated conversation with the boy by finger talk. All Old King Brady could do was to remain patient.

"He says," explained Alice after a minute, "that he really thought this place was deserted when he sent us here. There is another of the gang under that trap door. It was he who raised it. The boy has knocked him out and got a black eye for his pains. He thinks we ought to go for the fellow at once."

"So do I," assented Old King Brady. "Ask him if we shall take our prisoner with us?"

"He says yes," replied Alice when she got her answer. "There is another way out. We don't have to come back here."

They now followed the boy. He led them out of the kitchen and a trap door into a sort of vault—it could hardly be called a cellar—beneath it. Here they found a clever arrangement for raising the floor, but they did not find their man. An opening had been cut through the cribbing at this point. The boy declared that the man he had knocked out had escaped that way, and he explained that he had left him unconscious, as he supposed. Harry crawled through after the boy—it was but a few feet. It brought them out at a little landing stage attached to the cribbing at the back of the island. And now they could see a man in a boat pulling for the shore with all speed.

"My boat," said the boy to Harry with his fingers, and he added:

"Now that you have captured my uncle, I am ready to tell you everything. I was afraid of him before. I want to stick to you."

"That's just what we want you to do," replied Harry. "Help us out in this business and Old King Brady will reward you well."

"I want no reward," was the quick response. "Old King Brady has already given me that."

"What do you mean?"

"He saved my father from State prison."

"Are you Joe Dimitri's son?"

"Yes."

"What is your first name?"

"Constantine. They call me Con."

"Who is that man in there?"

"He is Joe Melandro, my uncle."

"Mother's brother?"

"Yes."

"And the man who escaped?"

"I don't know his name. He is only a helper. He's a new one in the gang."

"Where is Mr. Howe?"

"I don't know. Wasn't he upstairs locked in with Old King Brady?"

"He was for a while. They took him away this morning."

"Then they must have taken him to where they make the counterfeit money."

"Where is that?"

"Over on the North Side. I don't know the name of the street. I can go there, though. I was never in the place myself. They are scared of it over there. They were getting ready to move here."

Con seemed disposed to tell all he knew. Harry would have liked to talk further with him, but he felt that it was time to get back, lest Old King Brady might have been having trouble with his prisoner. But it was not so. The old detective looked out for that. Securing the counterfeit bills and the coins, they now started to leave the place. There was still another door leading out of the kitchen, and it proved to be the main exit. By a broad stairway they ascended to an unfinished space back of the dining-room, and then passed out of the hotel. Their boat was where they left it, and going aboard they started for the shore. Harry explained what Con had said, and proposed that he should question the boy still further.

"Wait till we have disposed of our prisoner,"

said the old detective. He undoubtedly understands deaf and dumb talk. It is hardly fair to force the boy to give himself away before his uncle."

They pulled back to the boat landing, for as Old King Brady knew, there was a police station near. And here Melandro was turned over to the police, Old King Brady explaining that he was a Secret Service prisoner and must be closely guarded. In order to get a better chance to talk to Con, Old King Brady now hired a carriage at a neighboring livery stable and they took their time going back downtown.

"And now go at it," said the old detective. "Harry, you talk to the boy; Alice, you translate his answers to me as they come. In that way we shall make quick work."

And the following conversation ensued:

"Con," commenced Harry, "let us begin at the beginning. What made you give that warning to Old King Brady?"

"My father told me before he died to forget Old King Brady," was the quick reply.

"Your father is dead, then?"

"Yes."

"And after your father's death you went to live with your uncle, Melandro?" questioned Harry.

"Yes. I hate him. He used me shamefully."

"How did you know that Old King Brady was coming?"

"I heard the boss said so. He told my uncle on what train."

"Who is the boss?"

"Mr. Zeltner. There are two."

"We will come to that in a minute. You knew they were going to sink the yacht?"

"Yes, but I didn't know for sure that Old King Brady would go on the yacht."

"You knew Mr. Howe was going, though?"

"The boss knew. He lured away the crew and got his own men on board in place of them. He thought likely Mr. Howe would ask Old King Brady to go there."

"You saw us go?"

"No. I was over at the hotel when the men came and said you were there. Then I went over to save you."

And this is all the explanation which ever came from Con.

"But why did you take us to the island? Why didn't you take us ashore?" pursued Harry.

"Because I thought you would catch 'em," was the quick reply.

"Now, about those two Zeltners? Are they brothers?"

"Yes; twin brothers. They look just alike."

"Did George Zeltner kidnap his brother?"

"Yes, he did. He had him locked in at the old place first. Then he brought him to the island; he pretty near escaped while you were there, I heard."

"So he did. Where is he now?"

"I don't know, unless they have taken him back to the old place along with Mr. Howe."

"Did George Zeltner mean to personate his brother right along?" asked Harry then.

But Con did not know so much about that either. He thought not, however. He was sure that the gang were getting ready to put out a lot of counterfeit money, and then they were to separate and quit Chicago. Coming now to the

warning Con had given to him and Alice, Harry questioned the boy about that. It seemed that Con, wanting to do something to help Old King Brady, thought that the best way would be to notify Harry; because he felt sure that sooner or later Harry would visit the works he watched there. As for the rest, Con returned to the island as quick as he could, getting there in time to see the Bradys on the piazza. He trailed them in their search to a certain extent. Knowing that they had captured Melandro, he sneaked into the vault to see if any one was lurking there. Seeing the man in the act of raising the movable floor, he attacked him. And this completed the revelations of Con. Harry now questioned Con about the location of the old plant as we shall call it.

"Say, Mr. Brady, it's no use for you to keep asking me questions. Do you want to know the best thing you can do?"

"Well, we naturally do, Con," was the reply.

"Then when we get downtown you let me go. To-night you all be on the Clark Street bridge at eleven o'clock. You'll see me there. Make out you don't know me and just follow. That will give me time to find out things, and I'll be able to help you better—see?"

Harry explained to Old King Brady.

"The lad is determined to run things his own way, I see," said the old detective, adding:

"Well, I suppose the best thing for us to do is to let him have his own way."

And acting upon this they dropped Con at the Sherman House, whereupon he promptly disappeared.

CHAPTER XI.—Mr. Parker Pops In.

Mr. Parker looked in on the detectives shortly before supper. The gay old buck had found time to rig himself out in similar style to that of the night before.

"Ha! here we are again," he exclaimed as he entered the parlor of the Brady's suite. "Miss Mr., yours truly. Warm evening, isn't it? So you have turned up again, Mr. Brady. Your partners were quite worried about you. I said you would bob up serenely. Seen anything of Howe?"

The old fellow dropped into a chair and began tapping the toe of one of his tan ties with his cane. Old King Brady explained. One could not help liking Mr. Parker in spite of his eccentricities.

"Ah, ha!" he exclaimed, "so Howe was captured by a woman's wiles, was he? Well, he always was a fool when it came to a woman. I'd like to see the woman who could fool me. She don't exist. Not on your birthday! But say, what do propose to do about it? Follow the thing up, of course. You seem to have made pretty good headway. I should hate to see anything serious happen to Howe."

"We shall go for him to-night," said Old King Brady, "and if he is alive we'll get him."

He went on to round out his story by telling of their appointment with the boy Con.

"Good enough. May I go along?" asked Mr. Parker. It looks like the wind-up. Having been in at the start in the part of a suspected party, I must confess I'd like to see the thing through."

Old King Brady was not enthusiastic. Still he did not altogether like to turn the old fellow down.

"I see you don't altogether want me," continued Parker; "but say, I'll be good. I'd just like to see how you work things. I enjoyed my bit of detective work the other night hugely. Think I played my part all right, too. Didn't I, Harry?"

"You certainly did," replied Harry.

"I thought so," added Parker. "Looking back, I must say I think the way I pumped that bar-keeper in the beer saloon was pretty near the real thing. And by the way, the beer there was the real thing, too. What do you say if I ring for a couple of cold bottles now?"

"No, no," said Old King Brady. "We want no beer. Never drink in business hours. Come with us if you will, Mr. Parker, but prepare to have us shake you if occasion offers."

"Certainly," replied Parker. "Quite so. I trust I have sense enough not to make myself a nuisance. I thought perhaps my services as a sleuth might be required again, so I bought a gun. May come handy, hey?"

He produced a new revolver and began flourishing it.

"Is that thing loaded?" demanded Old King Brady tartly.

"Sure it's loaded," replied the secretary. "What use would it be if it wasn't?"

"Then kindly put it up, Mr. Parker. None of us have any desire to be shot."

"Yours truly," replied Parker, and he pocketed the revolver.

They talked further. The time for their appointment with Con came, and they all went to the Clark Street bridge. In about fifteen minutes the boy appeared on the bridge. He paid no attention to the detectives, but stood for a moment looking over the rail; then turning back and walking up North Clark Street on the left-hand side. The detectives trailed after him, Mr. Parker talking all the while. The boy turned into Superior Street. They hurried around the corner, catching sight of Con ahead of them. The boy had halted and was standing against a building, but now he hurried on. They tracked him for several blocks along Superior Street, when he turned and went south again until he had almost reached the river.

"What did he take this roundabout course for?" demanded Parker. "Why didn't he come up Kinzie Street? It would have brought us here in half the time."

"Hard to say," replied Harry, "but I am satisfied that the boy knows his business. Ha! there he goes!"

Con had turned into an alley which appeared to lead directly to the river.

"Come, it won't do for us all to go trailing down that alley," said the old detective. "We are sure to attract attention. Harry, it's your job. We will wait here on the corner. Close in on the boy and come back and report."

Harry shot ahead. Old King Brady took off his hat and mopped his forehead. He was bothered as well as hot. Devoutly he wished that Mr. Parker was anywhere else. Even Alice did not seem to fit in on this trail. They waited, expecting Harry's return. He did not return.

"Bother!" snapped Old King Brady. "I wish I had gone myself."

Alice felt like reminding him of his own experience the night before, but she refrained. Old King Brady now turned into the alley. It led directly to the river and was deserted as far as they could see. On one side was a factory with a brickyard beyond; on the other was a large one-story brick shed with many doors; some sort of a storehouse it appeared."

"Where can he have gone?" fussed the old detective.

They walked on to the end of the alley. Mr. Parker got on the stringpiece and tried to peer around the end of the brick shed. Can the young man by any chance have been foolish enough to allow himself to fall into the river?" he questioned.

"Mind what you are about or you'll fall into the river," snapped Old King Brady.

His words seemed almost prophetic, for at the same instant the giddy old secretary missed his footing in some way and went plumping down.

"Mercy on us! The man will be drowned!" gasped Alice.

"And a small loss to the community," muttered the old detective, "but all the same something must be done."

He leaned over the stringpiece and looked down.

"Parker! Parker! are you there?" he called, for he could see nothing of him.

"I am afraid he is done for, Alice," he said. "I can see nothing of him."

"There's his hat floating on the water," remarked Alice.

"It's the last time I will ever let an outsider join us," grumbled the old detective. "I am sorry for the man, but the fault is all his own. Ha! There he is!"

Parker was a little closer in against the wooden walls of this singular river than he had supposed. The old man was swimming towards a float which appeared to be moored to the plankings. He reached it and climbed upon it.

"Dear me! I am quite damp!" he gasped.

"You should have minded what you were about!" called Old King Brady.

"My hat! Yes, as you say, I have lost it, but it can't be helped," was the reply.

"I said nothing about your hat, man. How on earth am I to get you up out of that?"

"Blest if I know," replied the secretary. "I don't think I can climb up. These sides are infernally slippery. If you could only get a rope now."

Old King Brady was in despair. Harry missing, Parker in his unpleasant fix, the boy Con vanished. The work of the evening seemed to be most beautifully queered.

"I shall have to go back on the street and see if I can't get help, Alice, and you must come with me," said the old detective.

"And leave the poor man down there alone? I'll stay here, Mr. Brady."

"No, you won't, then. Not on your life," replied Old King Brady. "I'm not going to have you do the vanishing act, too."

"Parker!" he called.

"Aye, aye!" replied the secretary. "What's up? As for me, I am most beautifully down."

"We are going for help."

"All right. Go on."

"Mind yourself now. Don't get into any further trouble before we can get back."

"I'll be good. I should like to get my hat if it would kindly consent to drift this way."

Old King Brady and Alice now returned to the street. Fortunately they ran right into a policeman, to whom the old detective introduced himself and explained the situation.

"We can soon fix that," said the policeman. "I know just where I can get a rope. You stop here, Mr. Brady, I'll be right back."

He was gone but a few minutes, and when he returned he had a rope.

"Come along, we'll have him out in no time," he said.

But it was easier said than done, for when they got to the stringpiece the man was not to be seen. Mr. Parker had disappeared. All that remained was his straw hat with its gaudy ribbon, which lay on the float.

CHAPTER XII.—Conclusion.

If Mr. Parker had popped in—we speak in a double sense—then Harry had popped out. How must now be explained. When Young King Brady turned into the alley he saw Con standing close to the last door of the shed, close to the stringpiece. The boy saw him and pointed at the door. Then stepping on the stringpiece he jumped into the water, as it appeared, and vanished. Harry hurried on to the end of the alley. Trying the door, somewhat to his surprise, he found it unfastened. Opening it he peered into the warehouse. He could see little save a dark interior, and he was just starting to close the door when he received a violent push from behind. It sent Harry stumbling forward in through the door. Worse still, he found himself treading on thin air. Down he went, landing in a muddy cellar bottom.

A chuckling laugh was heard above him and the door slammed. Harry sprung up and got out his flashlight. He saw now that he had fallen into a cellar which was divided by a partition. It was full of old boxes and barrels, and smelled horribly. Harry hurried to a remote corner with the intention of hiding behind the barrels. Pulling them about to make a place for himself, he perceived a round hole in the wall plenty big enough for him to crawl into, and this he did, pulling a barrel up against the hole. He had been none too quick, for scarce had he got into position when he heard someone enter the cellar. There appeared to be at least two of the intruders, and Harry caught the flash of a lantern.

"One of the men must be George Zeltner, the dummy," he concluded.

They made a thorough search, however, and kept it up for a long time. At last the sounds ceased and Harry concluded that the searchers must have given it up and gone away. Turning with some difficulty, he crawled on and came upon a little square door, which was secured on his side. This he opened, and as he did so a familiar voice suddenly exclaimed:

"Ah, there!"

It was Peter Parker on his float.

"Bless my soul, Mr. Parker! How ever came you here?" Young King Brady exclaimed.

"My dear boy, with perfect propriety I might put the same question," faltered Parker. "I was looking for you when I had the misfortune to take a tumble into the water. I found it infernally moist—not to say wet. I object to a bath in the Chicago River. Infernally useful stream, but all the same infernally dirty. Old King Brady has gone for a rope. But what are you doing in there?"

Harry explained.

"So?" said Parker. "I should like to see that cellar. Old King Brady has but just gone. It will probably be some time before he returns. Suppose we take a peep at it if the coast is clear."

Harry yielded. They returned through the passage into the cellar. Here they listened, and hearing no sound, Young King Brady again got his flashlight into commission.

"Hark!" whispered Parker. "The detective fever is upon me. Do my ears deceive me or is there some one somewhere in the distance pounding?"

They kept among the barrels and boxes, coming to the partition. It was but lightly put together. Harry applied his eye to one of the cracks, Parker taking another. They now found themselves looking into the other half of the cellar.

"My, my, my!" breathed Parker. "If there isn't one of the Zeltners now!"

There were three men in the cellar, and one was George Zeltner. He and his companions were busy packing a box. Bank bills in bundles which one of the men held in his arms Zeltner was stowing away in the box.

"Hang me if I don't believe the boss is gone bughouse," remarked the man who held the bills to the other who stood looking on. "If there was anyone in the other cellar, wouldn't you have found them there?"

"But he says he pushed the fellow down through the open trap door," was the reply.

By this time Zeltner had unloaded the man. He made signs with his fingers, and the fellow retreated into a remote part of the cellar.

"Say, they seem to be well fixed with cash in there," whispered Parker. "It's the queer, I suppose."

"Sure," said Harry, "but now we must be going. Old King Brady will be back and wondering what has become of you."

"Right," said Parker. "We will go. Then we will descend upon this outfit and capture them."

Crack! Bang!

Poor Peter Parker found his speech cut short. For right behind him was a pile of several boxes one upon the other, and the luckless secretary had backed right into them. The pile toppled over upon him and Parker was buried. There was nothing for Harry but to go to the rescue, and he did. He pulled the boxes aside as rapidly as possible, but he expected trouble, and it came. For before he had accomplished his purpose a voice behind him exclaimed:

"By Jove, the boss was right! Here he is now! Up with your hands, young feller, or you're a dead one!"

It was Zeltner and the two counterfeiters. Harry turned to find revolvers planked at his head.

Old King Brady was puzzled enough at the disappearance of Parker.

"Officer, if the man is lost then he is drowned and we can't help him. I have got much to do. I am out after a gang of queer makers who are supposed to hold out in this place. My partner, who was with me, has disappeared. I think he must have been captured and taken into this building. Let us investigate the matter."

They began by trying the different doors. When they came to the last one towards the street, Old King Brady got out his skeleton keys and went to work. He soon opened the door and the policeman turned an electric flashlight inside. It was just one big room, apparently, and as far as they could see it contained nothing. They now entered the warehouse. At the end nearest the river in a corner they found a room partitioned off and entirely enclosed. There were two old mattresses thrown down on the floor in this room, and upon each lay a man; one was gagged and bound. Both were apparently asleep.

"Anton Zeltner and Mr. Howe!" exclaimed Old King Brady.

The sound of his voice awoke the latter, and Old King Brady lost not a moment in setting him free.

"How did they get you here?" demanded Old King Brady.

"We were brought in a boat last night after they took me away from you," was the reply.

Zeltner was now aroused and set free. Alice was just beginning to talk to him when suddenly in the cellar was heard a loud crash and voices calling.

"Our work lies below!" cried Old King Brady.

They had already spotted the cellar stairs. Old King Brady, the policeman and Mr. Howe hurried down. Alice remained with Zeltner. They were right in time. Harry had just been tied up. The three crooks were in the act of rescuing Parker when Old King Brady closed in on them. Handcuffs went on them. The case was ended, and once more the Bradys had won out. The counterfeit bills were captured, also much counterfeit silver and part of an outfit. The rest was discovered in the unfinished hotel on Paradise Island later on. Anton Zeltner's story was simple. He had been fond of his rascally brother, it seemed, and when the latter turned up and wanted a private interview, it was granted. Anton was captured and had remained a prisoner ever since, part of the time at the old warehouse and part on Paradise Island.

It had been the deliberate intention of George to usurp his brother's name and place. That Melandro forged the notes was proved, for the man confessed. George Zeltner sold them to the Gotham Bank of New York. The note sold by Howe was one of his own. George Zeltner and his fellow forgers went to Joliet on long sentences. Con was never heard of again. The affairs of the National Agricultural Machinery Co. are very prosperous now, and all three officers are in charge. Well could they afford to reward the detectives liberally, as they did, for peace came with the end of the case of The Bradys in a Fog.

Next week's issue will contain "THE BRADYS' LITTLE SPY; or, DARK WORK IN THE SLUMS."

CURRENT NEWS

SCIENCE IN SHOESHINES

A Paris bootblack now uses a palette when shining women's shoes. The Parisian women's shoes vary so much in color that he found it often difficult to get the right hue of cream to match. So on his palette he puts a number of different creams and combines them in varying proportions according to the tone of the shoes with which he has to deal.

CARRIED BOOZE IN CORSET

The police in making an arrest in Pine Bluff, Mo., discovered the newest thing in bootlegging equipment in the form of a copper corset, worn by the accused man. It was in two sections and was laced in the back.

Hollow in the front it narrowed toward the back. It was fitted at the top with a screw cap and at the bottom small petcocks were fashioned

to draw off the liquor. Some moonshine whisky was in the corset when it was removed in jail.

DUCKS USE WINGS TO SWIM UNDER WATER

Do ducks use their wings while swimming under water? The question is discussed frequently among sportmen and nature students, and opinions sometimes differ. Testimony of reliable authorities, says Popular Mechanics, supports the belief that various species of ducks and grebes, loons and other diving birds do not use their wings when swimming beneath the surface for food or in trying to escape capture. A ruddy duck was observed on Lake Michigan not long ago, feeding in fifteen or twenty feet of clear water. As it got well started on its downward plunge, the wings, about two-thirds, extended, were used in quick short strokes, at the rate of about one a second to assist in propelling it and in rising to the top as well.

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This magazine also contains a free department conducted by Louise Rice and called

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CHAPTER XV.

Heavy Fighting.

Neither Dick nor Jupe cared to discuss the matter, which they felt sure was beyond their province. They courteously listened to the remarks of the Federal colonel, and then asked what they should do.

"We are members of the Fifteenth regiment," said Dick; "how can we rejoin our regiment?"

"I see no way at present," said Gonzales, "that regiment was badly shot to pieces at Saltillo. At present you might join with us here in holding back these guerrillas. They are trying to cut off our line of supplies."

"All right," said Dick, eagerly, "we are ready for any service."

"I will appoint you to the sharpshooters at present," said Gonzales; "you may report to Captain Monahan, and he will assign you to a post on the firing line."

Both Jupe and Dick looked surprised.

"What is that?" asked Dick, "Captain Monahan?"

"That is what I said, senors."

"That is a familiar name. It sounds Irish."

Gonzales smiled.

"He is Irish," he said, "and one of our best officers. He led the charge at Juarez, and fought like a fiend. Our men will follow him into the very jaws of death."

"Monahan," said Dick, looking at Jupe. "What do you think of that, old top? Did you ever see a fight that an Irishman was not in it?"

But, laughing, the boys were given into the charge of an aide, who led them from the tent, and they started to find the detachment of sharpshooters under the captaincy of Captain Monahan.

They followed the aide for over a mile through the thin lines of the Federal corps, and at last reached a spot where bullets were hissing about recklessly, and men were lying behind rocks and in improvised trenches. This was the firing line, and there they found a thin-faced man with a very red nose. He was a fiery little chap, and wore a sash of green. The boys were led to him, and he gave them a critical glance. At once his face lit up.

"Begorra!" he exclaimed, "phwbat have we here? Yez are not Mexicans."

"That is right, Captain Monahan," said Dick, holding out his hand, "you meet strange sorts in

this country. All fighters here are not Mexicans, it seems."

"Yez are roight," assented the Irish captain, "and there's plenty of Irish, also. There's a bloody Italian over there on the right, and it's lucky that his command is apart from mine, for I would niver take ordhers from his loikes. But phwbat are yez afther? Is it foightin' that yez want?"

"We are here for that purpose."

Monohan looked at them critically.

"It's well-set-up lads ye are," he admitted; I guess yez will do. Corporal Schmidt, muster these lads in and assign them. Put him where there is somethin' going on, for I believe they are the roight kind."

Corporal Schmidt, a good-natured German officer, who showed the colors of Germany on his breast, came up and saluted in the most approved fashion, and as if he was reporting to the Kaiser.

"Ach, dot's all righd," he said, softly, "fall in. About face. Eyes right. March."

Dick and Jupe were almost convulsed with laughter, but they obeyed the command, for they saw that Corporal Schmidt was a martinet and, like all well trained soldiers of Germany, liked drill. They marched soberly away with him, and were given rifles and numbers, and finally found themselves in a trench with a company of mixed sort, dark-skinned Indians and negroes, and Mexicans of all types.

There was hot firing going on all about them. The bullets kicked up the dust on the top of the earthworks, and occasionally a man would groan and lean back and fall in a limp heap.

Suddenly the enemy opened up with a machine gun. The hail of bullets that rained on the trenches was awful to face. Men were tumbling —on all sides, and it soon became plain that to remain there would mean the wiping out of the whole company.

Hotter became the firing, and a soldier next to Dick stopped a moment to whipe his rifle and, leaning over, said:

"Senor, this is our end. We will never get out of here alive. If we only had one of those guns we would be able to fight."

Then Dick and Jupe understood what it meant when the United States removed the embargo on arms. These machine guns had been brought across the line, and were the terrible engines of warface with which the rebels were sweeping back the Federals.

Nothing human could stand before them. The ground was actually plowed up by the bullets, and dead men were scattered like flies. At that moment a hoarse voice was heard above the roar of the guns. Down came a thin figure gesticulating and wild with rage.

"Up out of there, all of yez," yelled Captain Monahan, waving his rifle, for none of the officers fought with swords. Modern warfare has done away with the sword.

"Fall back, and form undher that ridge," yelled the fiery little Irish commander. It seemed as if he bore a charmed life, for he was right in the line of fire, and bullets were ripping up the ground all about him, and still he did not seem to be hit.

(To be continued.)

GOOD READING

VOLCANOES ON THE RAMPAGE

Kilouca's renewal of activity continues. There were four violent earthquakes in the region near the volcano recently at four-hour intervals, and the emission of steam, notable for several days, still goes on. The fall of sections of the crater's lip into the depths below has ceased again, however.

The eruption of Vesuvius is increasing in intensity. Two new craters have opened, says a bulletin issued by the Vesuvian observatory, and all three craters are emitting lava cinders and ashes, while heavy rumblings are heard inside.

The authorities having prohibited climbing the volcano for fear of casualties, the tourists here, especially Americans, are assembling in crowds at night at the nearby points of Santa Lucia and Vomero to witness the spectacle.

TRAINING SAILORS' ORPHANS TO BE FARMERS

Twenty-five British boys, of an average age of 15½, have just sailed for New Zealand to be trained as farmers. They are the first batch to be sent out under a scheme inaugurated by New Zealand sheep owners to show their gratitude to the men of the British navy and Mercantile Marine for their services during the war.

A fund of \$1,000,000 has been subscribed by sheep owners of the Dominion, and it is proposed so long as the money lasts, to train each year about 200 sons of killed and disabled sailors on a large farm, to look after their welfare, and provide them with wages during the period of training, and, where desirable, to start them in life with farms at a low rate of interest.

The chairman of the trustees of this admirable scheme, the Hon. Edward Newman, C. M. G., is at present in England. He emigrated to New Zealand about forty years ago and has large farming interests in the Dominion. He told a *Daily Mail* reporter that the boys are carefully selected in England, are given a complete outfit, and their passages are jointly paid by the trustees and the British and New Zealand governments. On arrival they are sent for six months to the trustees' training farm, Flock House, which has accommodation for 100 boys and covers 5,000 or 6,000 acres of land. Every kind of farming will be taught them, and afterward they will be indentured for several years to responsible farmers.

The aim of the trustees is to make the boys loyal, useful citizens, and everything will be done to give them a thorough chance to make good.

FISH COURT CAPTURE

Down in Venezuela, near the port of Carupano, fish are coming out of the sea to greet the fishermen on the beach. Vive-Consul Amado Chaves has vouched for the story to the Department of Commerce. He said: "One has but to take his choice as to the kind of fish he wants. Millions

of them came 'scampering' from the water, eager to be captured—quite the reverse of what the disciples of Izak Walton might expect."

It seems that each year there is a disturbance of the sea in this tropical vicinity, a condition referred to locally as the "tubic" or turbulent waters. During the progress of this phenomenon the water assumes a dark color and gives off a disagreeable sulphuric odor. At times this condition extends out as far as the Santa Margarita Islands and is said to do considerable damage to the pearl oyster beds there. In this period silver objects tarnish quickly and take on the appearance of having been in a fire. The health of the people along the coast at this time is unusually good.

Simultaneously with the "tubic" occurs what is known as the "ribazon," the sea for about a mile out from shore being stirred up by myriads of fish that make no effort to escape capture. Seabirds, gulls and pelicans gather for the feast in such numbers that at times it is difficult to see the horizon, and they sometimes even interfere with navigation. Many fish run up on the beach, as if desperate, and, despite the immense quantities of fish eaten by the birds and gathered by the natives, the number that die on the shore is so great that on numerous occasions the civil authorities have found it necessary to dig trenches in which to bury the fish along the beach.

The fish most commonly affected are the sardine and anchovy, although at times even sharks have been known to rush up on the beach.

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INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

A duolateral or Giblen-Remler coil is preferable to an untapped bank wound coil. It is more efficient and affords a greater economy in space.

Some circuits utilize a secondary coupling coil that is placed in inductive relation to the plate variometer. This coil should be wound in the same direction as the windings on the plate variometer.

BREAKS MAKE SET NOISY

Crackling in the phones may be caused by a broken phone cord. After the phones have been used for some time the fine braided wire in the cord gets broken in spots. The test for this is to shake the cord. If the noises continue with the shaking get a new phone cord.

TRAP DESIGNS

During the last two years many designs for wave traps have been published and as a result the novice is in doubt as to which is best suited for his receiver. The first type of wave trap that received popular approval consisted of a coil and a variable condenser in shunt with each other and in series with the lateral circuit of the receiver. When a trap of this type is tuned to the wave length of an interfering station it will trap out the waves from that station, but as the efficiency of the device is rather low it also will tend to reduce the signal strength of other stations operating on wave length near those to which the trap is tuned. To overcome this objectionable feature an inductively coupled wave trap was developed and when a trap of this type is properly designed it will be found very selective.

The coil in the wave trap consists of fifty turns of No. 2 D. C. C. wire on a three-inch tube and after the coil has been wound two terminals should be taken out and then several layers of ordinary paper should be wound over it. Another coil is wound directly over it, and consists of eight turns of No. 18 D. C. C. wire. This coil must be wound in the same direction as the first coil, and taps should be taken off on the first, third, fifth and eighth turns.

The variable condenser that is connected in shunt with the first coil is an ordinary 23 plate condenser, and with this apparatus the trap will tune from about 150 to 550 meters. If a 43 plate condenser is used instead of the 23 plate the trap will tune higher and it then will be possible to cut out the interference from ship stations.

In mounting the trap it would be wise to place it on a panel about six inches wide by seven inches high. The variable condenser and the inductance switch should be mounted on the front of the panel and the coil should be placed behind the condenser in a position that is at right angles to all coils in the receiving set.

RADIO ANNOUNCERS

In the broadcasting branch of radio a new vocation has developed, that of the radio announcer.

To be a successful announcer something more than a pleasing voice and clear enunciation is required. The idea announced is a musician with a knowledge of composers and their work; he should be a linguist familiar with English, Italian and German; he should be able in an emergency to make an announcement in English without confusion and free from grammatical errors. He must be tactful in receiving artists and instructing them in proper position before the microphone.

Singers and speakers accustomed to public appearance very often develop microphone fright, not because the studio surroundings are overpowering but because they miss the stimulating presence of an audience.

The announcer's duties are not limited to his appearance before the microphone. At WGY, the station of the General Electric Company of Schenectady, rehearsals are conducted by one of the group of six announcers. By means of the try-outs, poor singers are saved the embarrassment of failure before the microphone. The rehearsal also serves to demonstrate that certain voices have not the quality for radio transmission.

Sometimes the finished and successful singer is found to have a voice unsuited for radio transmission and, on the other hand, a singer whose voice is too weak for public hall or theatre sometimes possesses quality and tone which win instantaneous popularity with the radio audience.

Four of the six announcers at WGY are vocal soloists, and may, in the event of an emergency, such as the failure of the scheduled artists to arrive, step before the microphone and give a creditable performance.

Kolin Mager, the chief announcer, has been associated with WGY since the station opened. He is a trained musician, linguist and public speaker. When a boy he was a soprano soloist in an Albany church.

Carl Jester is a tenor with a thorough musical education, and for the past year he had directed the WGY Light Opera Company in its various appearances. Asa O. Coggeshall, also a tenor, a third announcer, is director of a boy choir in an Amsterdam, N. Y., church.

William Fay, the last to join the announcer force at WGY, is a baritone and his voice has brought him many fan letters. The other announcers at Schenectady station are: "Robert Weidaw, who gives much of his time to the executive work of the studio, and Edward H. Smith, who is director and leading man of the players and assists in planning feature programs such as Uncle Josh's golden wedding, and minstrel shows. An entire evening's program may be put on by the announcers without the aid of outside talent.

THREE STEPS OF AUDIO FREQUENCY

Audio frequency amplification, one of the greatest factors in making radio reception so

popular, has now reached the stage where three steps of amplification can be used without hopelessly distorting the signals. This is due to the great improvement in the last year in the construction of audio frequency transformers.

Without audio frequency amplification the satisfaction and convenience of the loud speaker would be unknown and a receiving set would have to be equipped with a headset for every member of the family. In fact, no set is considered complete nowadays without two or three steps of audio amplification and some type of loud speaker.

Most up to date receiving sets have the audio amplifying apparatus built into the same cabinet with the tuning apparatus. A very convenient way, is to use a separate audio frequency amplifying unit either built into a cabinet or on a panel. This can be attached to whatever type of receiver you are using, whether it be a crystal set, single tube regenerative, Reinartz, Flewellings, Ultra Audion, etc., and thus produce results equal to the more elaborate and expensive sets with self-contained amplifiers. The ideal arrangement is to have separate jacks for each stage, which enables the operator to employ just enough amplification to get the necessary volume.

As a radio engineer who has designed numerous sets and experiments with practically every type of receiver in existence, the advice of W. G. Farr of Chicago, regarding the construction of a three stage amplifier will be found of real value. Mr. Farr states:

"A three stage amplifier amplifying the output of a crystal set or non-regenerative single tube set to full loud speaker volume. A two stage amplifier will be amply sufficient for any type of single tube regenerative set. The amplifier unit can be operated from the same 'A' batteries as the receiving set, provided, of course, that tubes are used which operate on the same voltage. However, the amplifying circuit requires a number of higher plate voltage than a detector circuit, which will necessitate the use of additional 'B' batteries.

"When the amplifier is built as a separate unit, the phone terminals of the receiving set are connected directly to the input terminals (P and B) of the audio amplifier. A very convenient method is to equip the input of the amplifier with a cord and plug by means of which it can be plugged into the phone jack of the receiver in place of the head phones.

"When adding audio amplification to any type of regenerative set it is advisable to connect a fixed condenser of .001 MFD capacity across the primary terminals of the first transformer. This acts as a by-pass for the radio frequency currents flowing in the plate circuit and thus assists the regenerative action of the tube.

"Use a separate jack on each stage. This permits the use of more or less amplification as desired. If for any reason these jacks are not used, connect the 'P' terminal to the socket direct to the 'P' terminal of the transformer and the 'B' terminal of the transformer direct to the positive side of the 'B' battery. A separate rheostat used for each tube, but if the tubes are well matched just as satisfactory results can be obtained if the tubes are all controlled by one rheostat. The only precaution necessary is to use a

rheostat with sufficient current carrying capacity to carry all the tubes without heating.

"The most satisfactory tubes for use in audio frequency amplification are UV-201-A, C1301-A, and Western Electric 216-A. UV-199 or C-299 tubes can also be used, but will not be found as satisfactory. They will not stand as high a plate voltage and will not produce as great a volume as the larger tubes. The plate voltage applied to an audio amplifier may be from 45 to 150 volts, but ordinarily 90 volts will be found sufficient. Of course a higher degree of amplification is obtained by using high plate voltage, but at a sacrifice of quality. A plate voltage of over 90 volts will necessitate the use of a 'C' battery.

"When a 'C' battery is used it is connected in the common grid return lead of all the tubes, paying particular attention that the polarity is correct. Unless the amplifier is being worked up to full capacity, the 'C' battery will make little difference in the quality of the signal. Its chief advantage lies in the fact that it causes a material reduction in the plate current and thus lengthens the life of the 'B' batteries. For a plate voltage of 90 volts, a six volt 'C' battery will be required. As no current is consumed from the 'C' battery, small flashlight cells will have ample capacity.

"One of the most important considerations in building an audio amplifier is to use transformers of the highest quality. An audio frequency transformer is called upon to reproduce sounds of frequencies ranging from about 100 per second up to the upper limit of audiobility, which may be 10,000 to 20,000 per second. If all these frequencies are not equally amplified the result is either a loss of tone quality or an actual distortion of the voice or musical sounds. This becomes more noticeable as the number of stages is increased, and the practical working limits is three stages. In order for the original sounds to be correctly reproduced it is necessary for the fluctuation in magnetic strength of the core to follow with perfect fidelity the form of the sound waves which are being amplified. Thus it can readily be seen that the efficiency of an audio transformer is very largely dependent upon the proper core design.

"One of the most frequent sources of trouble in audio amplification circuits and particularly in three stage circuits is magnetic interaction between the cores of the transformers, which manifests itself in the production of howls and in distortion of signals. To reduce this effect to a minimum it has been the custom in the past to place the transformers with their cores at right angles to each other. Due to the improved design of some transformers this precaution is entirely unnecessary, as they are provided with a perfect magnetic shield in the form of a heavy steel shell.

"The best amplifying results will be obtained by the use of a transformer having a ratio of 6 to 1 in the first stage and a ratio of 3½ to 1 in the following stages.

"In any audio amplifier the most perfect reproduction will be obtained when the tubes are not being forced to their maximum. It is far better to get good tone quality with moderate volume than to sacrifice quality to gain intensity."

"SECRET SERVICE"

NEW YORK, JULY 18, 1924

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ITEMS OF INTEREST**TIDE MOVES GREAT BRIDGE**

Resting on five pontoons, a 300-ton railway bridge that spanned the waterway between Oakland and Alameda, Cal., was lifted from its position with the help of a rising tide and by pumping the water from the floats upon which it rested. Trains were operated over the spar up to seven hours before it was moved.

STEAM TO KILL WEEDS

Steam from locomotive boilers is being used by a Southern railroad to kill weeds along the right of way. The steam is superheated by passing it through an oil furnace carried on a special car, and it is then delivered to the right of way through perforated pipes, so arranged that they may be raised or lowered. It hits the weeds at a temperature of from 700 to 900 degrees and at a pressure of seventy-five pounds to the square inch. Four trips a season will keep down a dense growth of weeds.

FOUR-FOOTED DUCK IS SOLD AT AUCTION

A spirited auction took place in the butcher shop of Abram Goldberg at No. 22 Ludlow street, New York, recently, when the famous four-footed duck was sold to the highest bidder.

In the midst of the Friday pre-Sabbath bustle Goldberg's kosher shop Rabbi Zedig decided that the four-legged duck was not kosher, and hence could not be eaten.

Mr. Goldberg had thought of donating the remains to the American Museum of Natural History, but, being a business man, he decided to sell the duck to the highest bidder.

The freak was finally awarded to Alexander Fischer for \$60. Mr. Fischer will have the duck stuffed and will place it in the window of his restaurant.

USE CATS AS CROW DECOYS

The great devastation caused by crows in the State of Nebraska has led to organized efforts to get rid of the crow pests. One of the latest developments is the use of cats as decoys.

The usual method employed is to place the

cat in a bird cage and then hang the cage up in a tree where crows have nested in other years. When the crows discover the presence of the cat they flock by the hundreds and seek to destroy their imprisoned enemy. Protected by the bars of the cage, the cat is safe enough, and while the cat-baiting is on by the crows the hunters assemble and get in their deadly work.

The hunters say that the shooting does not scare the crows away. If they have any theory about the shooting, it is that it is some new device of their ancient enemy and they redouble their efforts to get at the animals. The cats are not in the least injured by being used as decoys, but after one or two hunts they grow nervous and are easily frightened by the appearance of any kind of a bird.

The most discouraging feature of it from the hunters' standpoint is that in most cases, after the cat is released, it leaves the country in very short order. This has naturally resulted in a famine in cats. There is some talk among the hunters of importing some old maids and thus augmenting the domestic cat supply. Being a cattle country, there are very few unmarried women in the county, and this in turn makes the number of available cats small.

LAUGHS

Lawyer—Don't you think I acquitted myself well in that trial? **Friend**—Very well. It is a pity you didn't do as much for your client.

"Then you don't want no cranberries?" "No; I've changed my mind. I see your cat is asleep in those cranberries." "That's all right, mum. I don't mind waking the cat up."

Mrs. Hardhead—I can always tell what kind of a wife a man has by his views on the woman question. **Stranger**—I have all sorts of views. **Mrs. Hardhead**—Then you are a Chicago man.

Friend—Why did you give your wife a pearl necklace for a birthday present? Don't you know pearls are the signs of tears? **Husband** (significantly)—In this case they were the result of them.

"If you stand with your back to the south, what have you on your left hand?" asked the teacher during the geography lesson. The small boy thought, considered his hands and gave the right answer. "Fingers, sir," he replied.

Mrs. Chubb (with newspaper)—I see several persons are petitioning to have their names changed. What does it cost to have a name changed? **Mr. Chubb**—It cost me a couple of hundred dollars to have your name changed to mine.

"Algernon is very interesting," said the stock broker's daughter. "What does he talk about?" inquired her father. "Why he's ever so well posted in Shakespearian quotations. 'Young woman,' said the fiancier, sternly, 'don't let him deceive you. There ain't no such stock on the market.'"

BRIEF BUT POINTED

THE BIBLE REMAINS

The Bible has endured hundreds of years of criticism by men who were proud of their own superficial knowledge. But these are forgotten, while the truths of the Bible are more regarded than ever. Critics may find fault with the stories in the Bible, but at the same time the people will believe in the Bible as the highest authority and there is nothing to replace it. Nothing since the Bible was written has lived to counsel the people and show them the way to right living. It can be pointed out to these shallow skeptics that the nations which have grown up with the Bible have the highest place in humanity. They are farther advanced than the men and women who do not follow the Bible and reverence its teachings. Today, in every way that relates to religious and moral character, the Bible is the truest authority.

FINDS UNKNOWN RIVER IN ALASKA

The story of an explorer's life in the Northern Alaskan wilderness and the discovery of uncharted streams is contained in a letter brought back to civilization by an Eskimo from the Geological Survey party headed by Dr. Philip S. Smith and made public by the Interior Department. The expedition is exploring Naval Petroleum Reserve No. 4.

The letter, written March 20, states that in exploring the Colville River Dr. Smith found a river about 200 yards wide, which flows westward and then turns northward. The party plans to continue the river explorations, but they must reach the coast in time to catch the last ship out of the Arctic Ocean before the September freeze.

The party has established a base camp at the head of the Unakserak River, about ten miles from the Divide, between the Unakserak and Colville Rivers, at latitude 67°45'30", at an altitude of 2,200 feet. On this Divide, the party has discovered groves of willow trees as thick as a man's wrist, which they are using for fuel.

The supporting party of seven men and 120 dogs turned back on March 16, and the main expedition was proceeding with three sleds and thirty-three dogs. The sleds soon will be abandoned, and the journey continued in canoes.

The letter was written by Dr. J. B. Mertie, Jr.

MOUNT LOGAN ASCENT TO BE TRIED THIS SUMMER

The challenge flung at mountaineers by Mount Logan, the Yukon Territory peak, which has been termed the "Everest of America" for centuries, is to be taken up by a party of internationally known Alpinists, who will attempt the ascent of the hitherto inaccessible mountain some time during the summer. A. H. McCarthy of New York is here on the way to the Yukon to look over the mountain and plan for the climb.

Mount Logan is 19,850 feet high, and is the second highest peak in America. Although not as high as Mount Everest, the world's loftiest

mountain, Mount Logan is almost as unconquerable. Mammoth glaciers, fields of ice, scarred with treacherous crevasses, confront the climbers and at present the best altitude ever obtained on the mountain's glassy slopes is 6,500 feet. Because of the perils of glacier and hidden crevasses, the climbers will have to travel sixty-eight miles roped together before they even begin the ascent of the mountain proper.

The best climb yet made was by the surveying parties a few years ago in determining the boundary between Alaska and Canada. The expedition will be composed of nine picked mountaineers from American and Canadian Alpine clubs. Four men will be selected to make the final dash to the summit.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE WREN

The common wren is very shy and retiring, and in this respect is like the lyre-bird. It will often hide its nest in a crevice or hollow where it may escape observation. The wren is seldom seen in the open country and does not venture upon any lengthened flight, but confines itself to the hedge-rows and brushwood, where it may often be observed hopping and skipping like a tiny feathered mouse among the branches. It especially haunts the hedges which are flanked by ditches, as it can easily hide itself in such localities, and can also obtain a plentiful supply of food. By remaining perfectly quiet, the observer can readily watch its movements, and it is really an interesting sight to see the little creature flitting about the brushwood, flirting its saucily expressive tail, and uttering its quick and cheering note.

The voice of the wren is very sweet and melodious, and of a more powerful character than would be imagined from the dimensions of the bird. The wren is a merry little creature, and chants its gay song on the slightest encouragement or weather. Even in winter there needs but the gleam of a few sunbeams to set the wren to singing.

The nest of the wren is rather an ambitious structure, being a completely domed edifice, and built in a singularly ingenious manner. If, however, the bird can find a suitable spot, such as the hole of a decaying tree, the gnarled and knotted branches of old ivy, or the overhanging eaves of a deserted building, where a natural dome is formed, it is sure to seize upon the opportunity and to make a dome of very slight workmanship. The dome, however, always exists in some form. During the winter the wren generally shelters itself from the weather in the same nest which it inhabited during the breeding season; and in very cold seasons it is not an uncommon event to find six or seven wrens all huddled into a heap for the sake of warmth, and presenting to the eye or hand of the spectator nothing but a shapeless mass of soft brown feathers. It is probable that these little gatherings may be composed of members of the same family.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

GAY LIFE TOOK THE MONEY

George Lister, thirty-four, borrowed a nickel for subway fare and emerged from the Wall street station just as the city was getting down to business.

Lister turned into Trinity place and was headed for No. 46, offices of the American Railway Express Company, when he ran upon Detective Sergeants William Fay and James Fitzpatrick, just coming out of that building.

With a fugitive's description fresh in their minds, Fay and Fitzpatrick made an abrupt stop and a short inquiry. Lister nodded his head and said he was just going to the company to give himself up for absconding last March 10 from its Sausalito, Cal., office with \$14,000 stuffed in a shabby black bag.

'Wanted to make everybody happy along the great White Way, and I think I did, up to last night, when the money gave out. I tipped every waiter who served me in the Broadway cabarets with a \$20. I gave the doorman the same.

"Cabaret singers got \$100 bills and once I gave an orchestra a \$100 bill for playing me a tune I liked."

Lister said he was born in England and was unmarried. He had been the cashier in the Sausalito office of the company for three years. He was sorry the detectives could not collect the \$500 reward a circular they carried promised would be paid for his capture. Lister, they agreed, had surrendered.

FIRST CHINESE JUNK SAILS INTO NEW YORK

The first Chinese junk ever known to have sailed into New York harbor arrived recently and anchored in Sheepshead Bay, near Plum Beach. The voyage was possible because of the Panama Canal. It would have been too hazardous to attempt to bring such a small vessel round the Cape of Good Hope and across the South Atlantic Ocean.

The junk on her 15,000-mile trip was in charge of Captain George Waard, master and owner, a Dutch-Canadian, who was accompanied by his Chinese wife and their eleven-year-old son. He had two Chinese boys as crew when he sailed from Amoy on May 17, 1922, but they deserted when he arrived at Vancouver, B. C., on Aug. 12, after an eighty-seven-day passage across the Pacific. During that time the captain said he met with many adventures. Off the Foochow River the junk, which he had named *Amoy*, was attacked by pirates in the night and when he had driven them away with his rifle a big green snake came over the counter aft and tried to curl round Wing Kee, one of the boys who was asleep on the deck. The captain said that he killed the reptile and the Chinese boys chopped it up and pickled it. Curried snake was on the bill for fare for days afterwards.

Shortly before reaching Vancouver the *Amoy* lost her rudder and the captain rigged a jury rudder with boat oars and a spare sail until he could make a new one.

The *Amoy* was built of camphor wood and Chinese fir, he said, and was held together by bamboo pins. She is fifty-three feet long, eighteen feet beam and draws four feet of water in ballast. There is accommodation in the cuddy for five persons.

Captain Waard is a tall, thin man with a long black mustache with twisted ends after the manner of stage pirates. He said that he went to sea in a Dutch galleon when he was 7 years old and had spent several years in the Chinese customs service at Amoy and Swatow. His wife, who is a Buddhist, does not care much for the sea, but it never gets monotonous to him.

The captain had not decided when he visited the Custom House at Bowling Green whether he would remain in the harbor for the summer or sail on to Europe via the Azores. He might go to Manhattan Beach, he said, and make fast close to the shore so that visitors could go on board.

LOOK, BOYS!**TRAPEZEE****The Acrobatic Wonder Toy**

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THE FLYING TRAPEZE — Release the trigger-pin and the figure swings forward, gripping the brass trapeze-bar, turns a somersault in the air and catches a cross-bar by his heels.

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THE GIANT SWING — He goes forward with a rush, releases the trapeze, catches a horizontal-bar with his heels, makes two swift somersaults in the air and catches by his heels again.

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Clerks have become sales, advertising and business managers, mechanics have become foremen, superintendents and engineers, carpenters have become architects and contractors, men and boys have risen from nothing to places of responsibility—because they clipped this coupon.

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Will you still turn away from opportunity? Can you still go on, putting in your days at the same grind, getting the same pay envelope with the same insufficient sum, when such a little thing can be the means of changing your whole life?

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All we ask is the chance to prove it. That's fair, isn't it? Then mark and mail this coupon. There's no obligation and not a penny of cost. It's a little thing that takes but a moment, but it's the most important thing you can do today. Do it now!

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SWEETHEARTS' Correspondence Club. Stamped envelope for sealed proposal. Lillian Sproul, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

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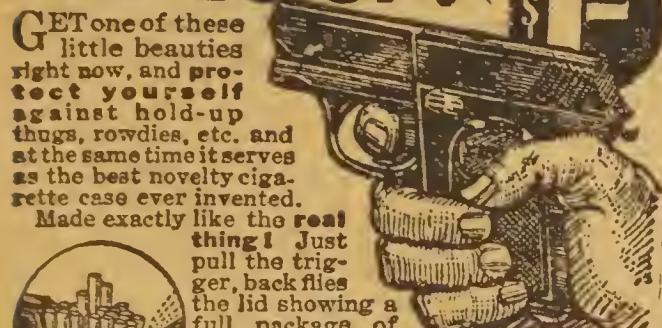
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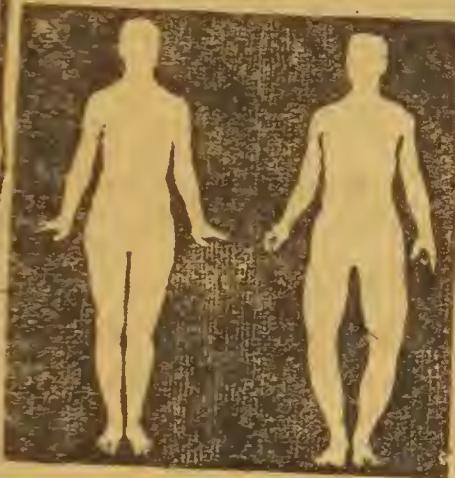
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